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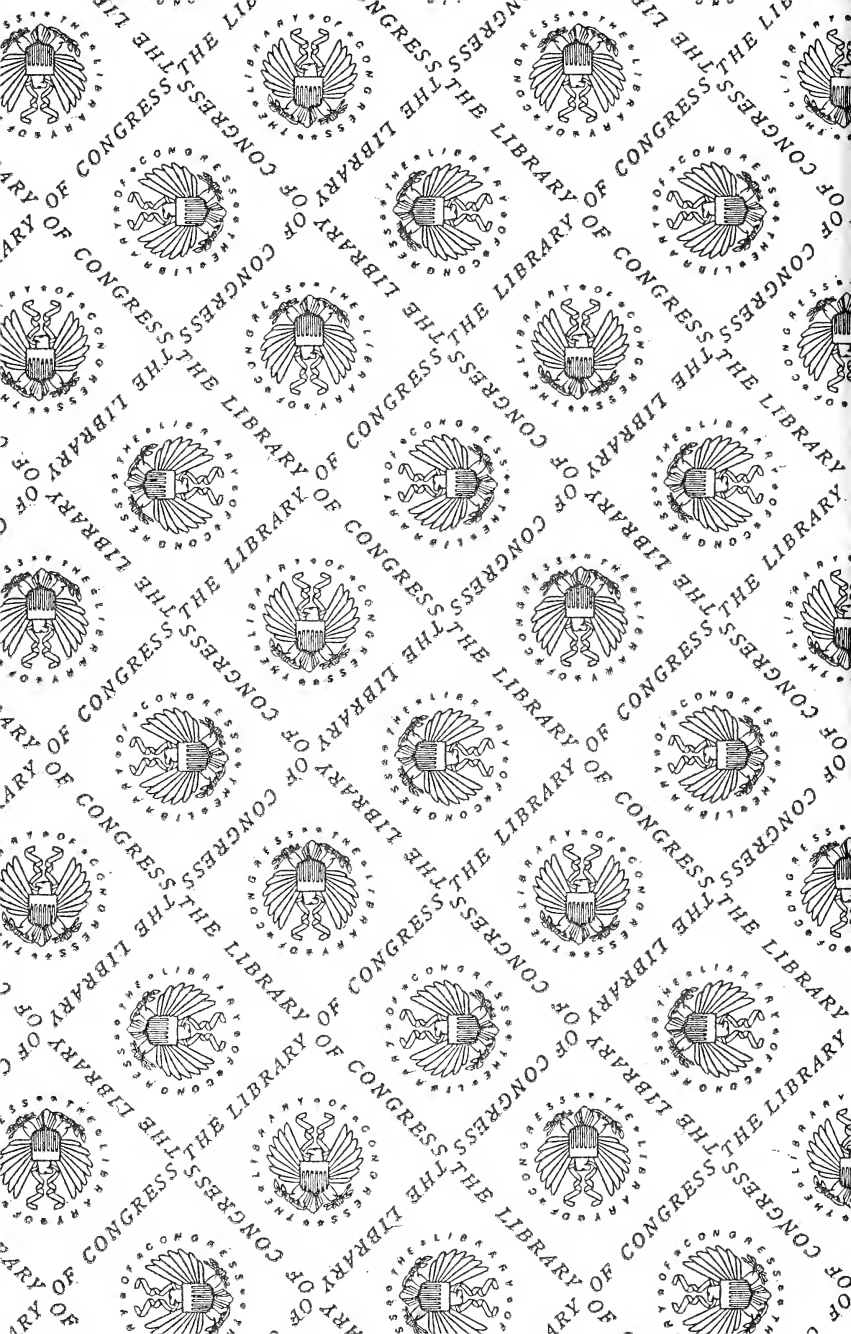
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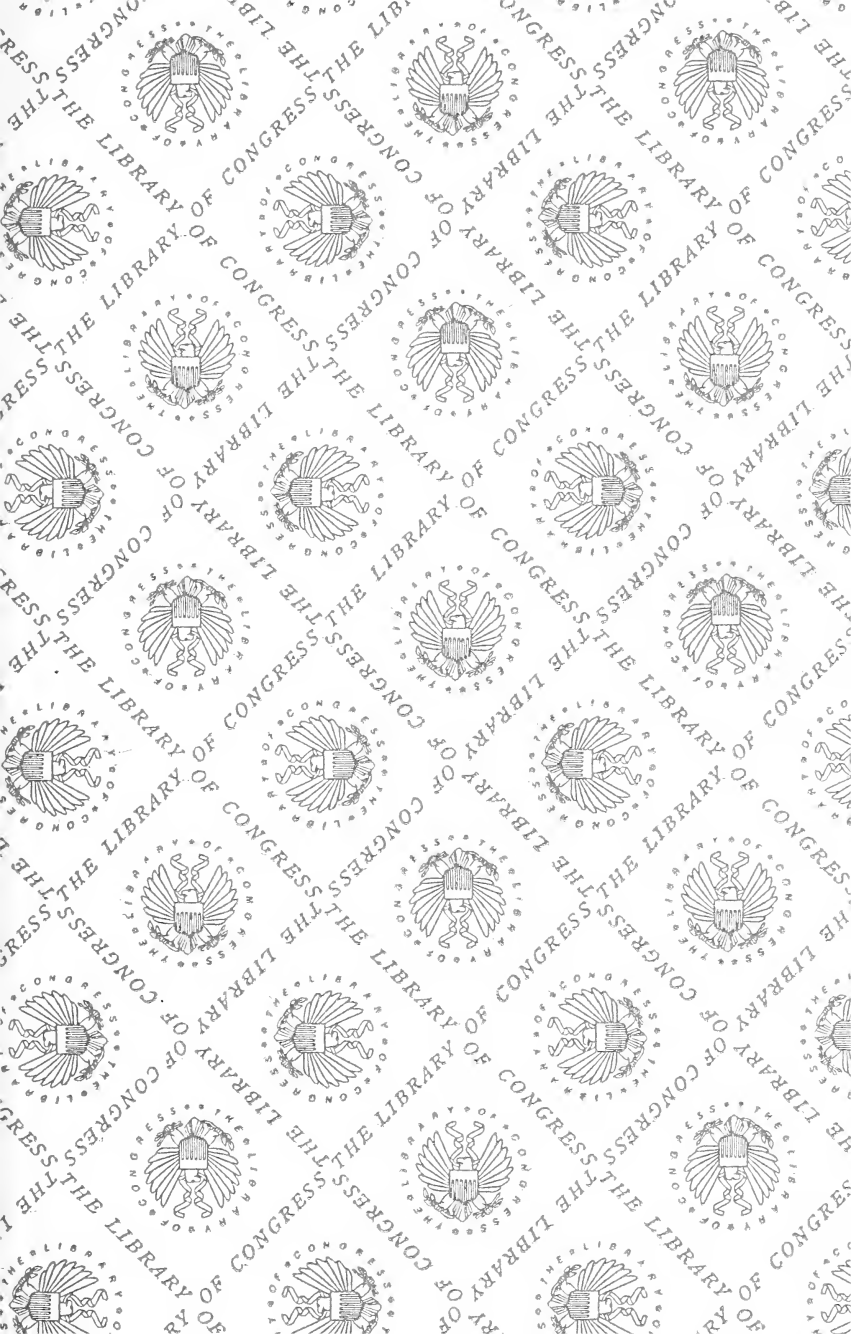
1918

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EDNA SMITH DERAN

THE HERITAGE OF HOPE

BY

EDNA SMITH DERAN

AUTHOR OF

"VERSES BY THE WAYSIDE"
"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"
"THE GRIEF SHADOW BETWEEN"
ETC.

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DETROIT, MICH.

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book
To the hearts in this world that are aching
With a woe that no public can see;
To the hearts that with sorrow are breaking;
To my friends, and my foes, and—to me.
To the hopes I have had and have buried;
To the loved ones I from me have tossed;
To the dreams I have dreamed that have vanished;
To the price I have paid for all lost;
To the faith that I feel for the future;
To the goal that I see is in sight;
To all joy that will follow all sorrow;
To the glory of just doing right.

PREFACE

Perchance you may look for a preface,
 Though why should I, friends, here rehearse
The why and the how of my writing,
 When all is plain told in my verse.
The world has its mirth-making authors,
 And glad would we be were there more;
In wit I am sure I'm not trying,
 But just to heal hearts that are sore.
I know if you read every poem
 You'll find a good moral in each,
For never a line of my writing
 Is told just to please, but to teach.
And so, friends, please wait with your verdict
 Till you have read all, every one
Of my verses that here I have sent you;
 Then lay down the book when you're done
And think of this wide world of sorrow,
 Of suffering, and longing, and pain.
Then I fear not your verdict one moment;
 You know I've not written in vain.

FATE

Again we have met and the old wound is broken;
Again hand touched hand tho' we each gave no token
That hearts beat more rapid and tears were near falling;
That life seemed so dreary with hearts vainly calling.

Apart we had both faced the world, faced it bravely;
Alone, each apart, fought the fight, fought it gravely,
Then yielded to fate. For we both had grown weary
Of fighting alone, for alone life is dreary.

But fate rules relentless—demanded a meeting,
And helpless, we both. So quite formal our greeting,
With general remarks and with mirth sat conversing
O'er topics quite common—old interests rehearsing.

But twitching of eyelids and oft long-drawn sighing
Betrayed to my view you were vainly denying
The old love was dead; for in vain you were braving
My presence and insight. Your heart was still craving

For that which it lost. And when I saw the traces
Of grief that but comes with the years on all faces—
(The furrows that prove one has missed love's caresses,
And silver among those once black silken tresses),

I could not quite still in my heart all my sorrow
That I was the cause. All in vain did I borrow
Hypocrisy's smile and the world's frequent flatter
To cover my sorrow. Yet what did it matter

If I thus betrayed to you part of my grieving?
For you broke my heart when I left you, believing
That you were my husband by legal ties only,
That your love had died. Now, bound, both are lonely.

Alas! You now tell me in leaving I crushed you;
And yet not in vain, for at last do I trust you.
Life gave me its woe and it gave me full measure;
Yet some things it granted, aye, gladly I treasure.

Your love, dear, was one, tho' it brought me but sorrow,
Left traces of tears, on my brow brought a furrow
Where grief placed its loadstone. Oh, what a wise godsend
That sorrow may always be tempered by time, friend.

Today when we met that old love that was buried
Broke out, like chained dog; through my heart once more
scurried;

Once more I recalled all the vows that were broken;
Again heard you speak of love's truths that were spoken

In days long ago, when life's threads were united
Ere hopes of two hearts fate decreed should be blighted.
We met and we parted, our eyes with tears brimful;
Alas; we were severed by lust that was sinful.

But when we sow seeds, dear, alas we must gather
The crops we have sown; and today I would rather
Be she whom you say was e'er blameless and loyal
Than she who was guilty. No diadem royal

Bedecks her worn brow, tho' she bears the wife's measure
In law. The world knows she can't peacefully treasure
The right she secured. The moments are hasting.
The world needs us both. Why should we be wasting

Our poor love-starved hearts by mere words? For in
giving

The world all our best by our wise, honest living
We give each to each. And so this last meeting
May strengthen us both. Aye, both will be greeting

Our comrades who suffer and, suffering, need us
United in heart and in hope. They may heed us
Tho' twain, and apart, we must work. Dear, this meeting
Perchance is our last, tho' it may be a greeting

In some future day may be ours. Fate may sever
Us both for a time or it may be forever.
Forever—forever—alas! who can tell?
But should it thus be, then, my friend, fare you well.

FRIEND, ARISE

Art thou roaming
Where the paths are rough and steep,
Just depending on thy strength and that alone?
If thou art, thou'lt find thine eyes must weep
Over efforts futile. God must guide. No longer roam.

Art thou grieving
Over errors in the past?
Life's great tasks should not be seen through weeping
eyes.
Thy mistakes hath taught thee what was best.
Then look up and bravely fail no more. Oh friend, arise.

Art thou sleeping
When in life there's much to do?
Dreamers never win the race. Oh friend, arise.
Of this world's great burdens bear your share.
Honors now will come alone to him who bravely tries.

SMILE

If your life seems dark and drear

Better smile.

Let the joy of life have way

For a while.

What though clouds are hovering o'er

And come sorrows more and more,

It might heal a heart that's sore

Just to smile.

What though friends have proven false,

Better smile;

Just remember good in them,

Not their guile.

They'll come drifting back some day,

Or some new ones come your way,

And in coming they may stay

If you smile.

What though tasks are hard to do,

Better smile.

Cast away all fear of work

For a while.

Make each task a duty sweet;

Work at each until complete;

Bravely all your burdens meet

With a smile.

If your conscience is quite clear

You will smile.

If you love your fellow men

'Tis worth while.

Give the world a love that's true

And the best will come to you,

And your frowns will be but few;

Why not smile?

Let your joyous heart be seen
Through a smile,
E'en though sorrow crushes you
By its trial.
Saddened faces cure no grief,
For no sickness give relief.
Would you help make sorrow brief?
Then just smile.

EVERY DAY

Let your love be seen in deeds
Every day.
Let your smiles make bright the paths
As you stray.
Why should faces be so sad?
How much better to look glad
Every day.

Let your creed be seen in acts
Every day.
Wait not for the Sabbath, friend,
When you pray.
Live your brotherhood you speak
Seven days of every week.
Act and pray.

TO MRS. M.

The blossoms you've scattered along your pathway
Have brightened more hearts, dear, than one;
And when all your journey in earth form is o'er
The Master will tell you: "Well done."

HAD I BUT KNOWN

Had I but known I'd count each day without you
 By my tears,
I'd not have sent you 'way. And yet, oh Love,
 My Love, so patient always, tender, true,
The mystic force of fate controlled my mind,
 And guided in accordance with a plot not wholly new.

A destiny that was to be, is mine—
 Mine alone.

A thousand trivial things enchained me, dear,
 And robbed me of my right to choose my lot,
And of my chance to be all that I would—
 Enforced me to be what I am, not what I hoped or
 thought.

My freer self suppressed. I, for a while, dear,
 Bide my time.
My wings are pinioned and I dare not fly,
 Though it may be the years may make me free
To sing the songs that both have loved to hear,
 To breath the thoughts that love once softly whispered
 me.

You tell me time is numbered not by years.
 Grief makes age.
I will not weep. I know that tears are vain.
 Yet had I known—the penalty is mine
To pay. Yet memories of bygone days
 Will ever daily round my lonely heart entwine.

You tell me time is counted not by years.
 Hope counts fast.
And love is true and dies not through all time.
 Then wait you, dear, till gods have given release;
Then count each year but as a day, and hope
 That fate this clinging, cloying nightmare grant
 surcease.

Though laurels lay along the path I tread,
What care I?
The woman in me longs for what is not;
My soul cries out in hungry, bitter strife.
The starving heart is never fed by fame,
And public glories cheer in vain a lonely life.

Could I but know some day my dreams come true.
Yet I know.
I know that sometime, somewhere, 'twill be mine
To clasp and keep, with naught betwixt us twain;
And hoping, feeling, knowing thus, I tread
My rugged road. I'll to my fated task again.

But could you know all that I feel, the hours
Would be short.
Each hasting day but brings us near the goal;
Each dreamy night the stars watch over you
And me. They breathe a benedicite.
To both they ever say: Be true, oh Love, be true.

MY HEART'S LONE CRY

Because I greet you, dear, without one tear,
And smiling list when you are nigh,
Oh, do not think my heart so soon forgot;
'Tis for your sake I make no cry.
But could you look down deep into my heart
And see the bitter woe I feel,
You'd know the strength it takes to hide my grief,
And that 'tis wise that woe conceal.
For few could stem the current of such love
So swift the tide, and helpless, I;
But in the night's long lonely hours, dear,
Oh, list! you'll hear my heart's lone cry.

I SAYS TO MYSELF, SAYS I

I says to myself one day, says I:
 'Tis a pesky old world, that's sure;
I get a bad deal in all I try,
 And the people I meet a bore.
I work from the morn till dark each day,
 And I pay double price for things;
To live I must spend my weekly pay,
 And a dollar but little brings.

I says to myself one day, says I:
 'Tis too bad we poor mortals slave.
The rich have their gold and much laid by;
 They don't work and don't seem to save.
Old Carnegie gives his gold away,
 And the Rockefellers and the rest.
Did they earn it all by work each day?
 Maybe not! That is easy guessed.

So I says to my friends one day, says I:
 Why what fools we poor workers be
To keep slaving for wealth. If we but try
 We could have all the wealth, you see.
Let us take what we made, keep all we earn;
 For the rich had it long enough;
Every dog has his day. Now, 'tis our turn.
 Let us show we are made of brave stuff.

I says to the workers, vote and think;
 We are many and rich are few;
Vote right; we can win; have food and drink.
 Let the rich do some work now, too.
Let's go to the hoards of coal we've mined;
 Let's fill all the trains we've made.
Too long have the masters grabbed our find,
 And too long in their hands we've played.

I says to the poor: My friends, says I,
We will get what we take, no more;
We made all the wealth that the rich laid by;
And too long we've been fools, that's sure.
I says to the workers (the mass), says I:
We are many, the rich are few;
We'll get what we vote for. Now let's try
Out the tricks that the masters do.

And I says to myself many times, says I:
'Tis a pesky old world, that's true;
We get what is ours if we but try;
We are slaves if we never do.
The dreary old world can be made glad
If we work with our brawn and brain.
Let's vote for ourselves, not masters bad,
And take back what we made again.

MY VERSES

How do I write, you ask of me,
And how are my poems made?
So quickly they come that scarce I know
What answer to you can be said.
This do I know: My heart is full—
So full it o'erflows in verse;
My pen can scarce write so quick lines come,
Tho' some may be good, some worse.
Yet as I think of what you ask,
I know my heart thoughts are pure;
Then how could my verses fail to live?
I know that my thoughts will endure.
They will e'er live tho' you condemn
With critical, careful eye.
No good ever dies. Tho' words are poor
My thoughts will still live when I die.

THE CRY

Through lapse of lengthened years I hear your cry:

“Oh, God! Why did this misery come to me?

I did not dream our parting was so nigh.

Oh, God of Love, why need—why need it be?”

In dreams, ofttimes, I raise my voice to hush

Your bitter moaning as I see you pace

In grief my room, and raise my hand to brush

Away the trickling tears that bathe your face.

I would your heart could know the grief I felt,

When from our home I left that bitter night.

My heart was rent with pity as you knelt

In pleading my return. But I was right.

For you were blind to that I brought to you,

And love and virtue might have made you blest

Had not Satanic wiles dimmed eyes once true.

You kissed the wild rose blooms, then thought them
best.

But having passed from out your life and home

I knew the sorrow that I left behind;

I knew that lone through life you'd ever roam,

Or might pretend that fate was being kind.

But this old world is not so dense as you,

And when hearts bleed in silence through false smiles,

It wisely wags its tongue and knows what's true.

Aye, folks are wise and see through Satan's wiles.

And so I know the years have brought no change

Though grief has left its traces on your brow,

And silvered threads among the brown look strange.

I often hear your cry. I hear it now:

"Oh, God in heaven, why need it be? Oh, why?"

I hear you cry in anguish at your fate—

'Tis but a dream. I know you are not nigh.

You loved but me, yet found it out too late.

Across the dreary silence of the years

Your thoughts are prisoned not, and fly away,

And I—the magnet—know the cry and tears

That in your heart and on your cheeks oft stray.

Sometime, some day, our earthly life will cease,

And then no more your sorrow I will see;

And then, dear friend, to both will come sweet peace;

I'll hear you say: 'I know why it need be.'

WORK WITH BRAIN AND VIM

There is work that must be done

From the dawn to set of sun;

It just seems there is not time for rest and pleasure;

But the one who does it well

Never stops to growl, or dwell

On the burdens that are meted out full measure.

If we take the sluggard's pace

We will win no hero's race,

And will feel that in this world men are not equal;

Some crave much and work with zest

While the others are at rest;

Some have much and some have none; 'tis but the sequel.

Work with equal brain and vim;

Yield not to an idle whim;

Be a brainy man, not merely servant humble;

Then you'll hold fate in your hand,

And a man 'midst men can stand;

Then you'll have no time to sit around and grumble.

LOOK FORWARD

Because it is good to be smiling
And give to the world of my strength,
I put all life's bitter behind me,
Forgot all my sorrows at length.
My courage arose at the vision
I saw as I looked all around;
For sisters were grieving and fainting
With burdens too heavy, I found.

So why should I weep o'er my errors,
For fate had oft sent them to me
Perchance, that I, knowing, might pity
And help others failing like me.
For God only knows the keen misery
That women can silently bear;
And ofttimes I think the world's heroes
Are sisters who suffer and dare
Go forth to their duty in silence,
And weep, when they must all alone.
Accepting no failure as final;
(And many such women I've known.)
For there is no failure save quitting;
And try-not-again means defeat;
Yet when in the end one has triumphed
He knows such success is most sweet.

So let us be brave and look forward
And leave all life's darkness behind;
We never can fail save in stopping;
And faults that are past never mind.
Just take a new start and stop grieving;
Through errors we learn what is wrong.
Repent, and forget, (save the lesson);
Through striving for right we'll grow strong.

TO ELSIE

This is my creed:

That what I sow I reap;
And for each cruel wish of mine I weep;
That not one silent thought shall be sent 'way
But it comes floating back to me some day
To mar my life if it, my thought, were bad;
To cheer, if good, life's path and make me glad;
Much more than thoughts, shall every deed return
And brighten life for me some day, or burn
My brain, and darken life, though many years
Had passed since deed was done, and bitter tears
In sad repentance had been often shed;
For deeds in cyclic paths are always led.

This is my life:

To hope, to try, to fail,
And oftentimes think my efforts naught avail;
To know that good seed must be wisely sown
Yet sow in folly, reaping tares, my own;
To speak the golden rule, yet live it not
When ease for self seems better to be sought;
To know that every effort makes me strong,
Yet fail to try at all times 'midst life's throng;
To stop and weep when things go all awry,
The while I know brave hearts should never cry;
To try, to fail, to hope, to weep, to work,
And oftentimes life's great duty sadly shirk.

This is my hope:

That some day I'll be strong
And bravely do all duties, right the wrong
That, in my weakness, I have done; then may
I know the hopeful loving words to say;
Then may I crush all selfish from my heart
And, living for the world, yet live apart
And, in my solitary silence, learn
Life's sweetest songs to sing, and turn,

By wiser words than now I try to say,
Life's bitter from all hearts that grieve. I pray
That time and patience teach me to be strong
And, from my strength, sing to the world love's song.

SOME FOLKS

There's some folks keep a growlin' and complainin' all
the while;
They never know the value of a pleasant word or smile;
They never see the sunshine but they keep the clouds in
view;
They hang to old traditions and they scorn to try what's
new;
They fail to look for virtues in the friends they chance
to meet;
They never smell the fragrance of the roses at their feet;
They ever keep complainin' of the thorns the roses bear;
The furrows in their forehead show a look of fret and
care.

There's some folks that keep smilin' and a singin' all the
while;
When all around is darkness they cheer us with their
smile;
And when the day is drear they know the sun is just
behind
The clouds that fret us so; they say "Oh well, just never
mind;
Tomorrow will be sunshine and we'll feel so fresh and fine
Because this day was dreary; so take heart, Oh friend
of mine."
And so I sit a-thinkin' now to which folks I belong—
The ones that sit complainin' or the ones that sing joy's
song.

MY DREAM PAST

I weary for your presence and the dear old dreamy days,
When near the lake we wandered in the silent summer
haze;

For sunny smiles and pleasant trips along the orange
decked shore;

For dear old bygone day dreams and the joys that are no
more.

This life of silent turmoil and a wearied long unrest,
I found by having suffered, dear, that this was not the
best;

Yet life's sweet past is dead, dear one, and I will make
no moan,

Nor shed one tear o'er joys gone by that in the past I've
known.

But oft I listen to the wind that wanders as it wills,
And lose myself in silent dreams that my poor heart
grief fills.

Dost thou remember this, dear one, how oft we silent sat
And hope built such great castles then, (tho' now they've
fallen flat)

That words oft marred the beauty of our cherished hope-
filled dreams,

But now, alas! the world with war and grief and sorrow
seems.

And so the days passed slowly by, and life's great chaos
grows

More loud and dirge-like, than the harmony of hope,
God knows.

If we are patient and just feel that things aren't what they
seem,

If we can still just persevere and hope and wait and dream
Great dreams, and, dreaming, do, perchance we pave the
way to rest

And we may some day realize our love and all that's best.

WHY WRITE OF TEARS

Who do I write of tears, you ask.
Why do I write of tears?
Because the meter in my life
Was learned through tear-born fears.

Yet every bitter had its sweet,
Though this I did not know
When sorrow poured my brim-full cup
With life's most bitter woe.

The days seemed long and dark the skies;
The sun was hid by clouds;
But, silver-lined, a heritage
Of good, each cloud enshrouds.

'Tis not by just avoiding grief
That glad hearts e'er are made;
For did we no great sorrow know
Our pleasures soon would fade.

The long, long years alone prove this,
For youth is always blind,
And frets impatient at delay;
But laws of fate are kind.

And now that silver creeps among
My hair, once darkly brown,
I turn the clouds just inside out,
Then meet them with no frown.

I bide a wee all that I wish,
For some day 'twill be mine,
But not till I have *won* the goal.
Then work, oh hand of mine.

And so I write of tears because
I know just why you weep;
And with a loving word of cheer
I'd with you vigil keep.

And when the burden seemed too great
For your poor hearts to bear,
I'd gladly help you on the way
And teach you clouds are fair.

The richest harvest life can give,
The greatest joy I know
Is giving comfort to the sad
And pleasure where there's woe.

And so I write of tears because
We learn our best through grief;
And having wept like you, my words
May bring to you relief.

TO MY DARLING

A poem for my darling?
Why, sweetheart, words can't say,
How much I love my baby
This happy Christmas day.
Were all the treasures given
That this old earth can hold,
It could not buy you from—
My darling, six years old.

SPRING

The feathered songsters now have come,
And two by two they build their home;
And prating, mating, nesting now
While chirping love's sweetest vow.
The budding clover climbs and spreads
And covers earth with fragrant beds;
The bursting buds of growing green
Reveal the dainty hues between.
The drowsy breezes bring to sight
A falling snow of petals white.
The warm winds blowing over all
And all green growing, fragrant, tall,
Proclaim the fact that spring is here—
The beauty season of the year.
The world—a song for poets to sing;
The earth—a poem for peasants and king.
No pen nor brush can quite portray
The beauties of a springtime day.

OH BITTER THOUGHTS, DON'T GO

Birds have wings to fly at will o'er boundless land and sea;
To soar 'midst azure heights above, or on the earth to be.
We have words that go at will to seek some person's heart
And pleasure, comfort, solace give, or cruel wounds impart.
We can stay our tongue, nor say the thoughts that are
within;
But words once said we can't recall, can't bring them back
again.
Thoughts have wings and flee afar ere we may say them
nay;
Then speed away, oh lovely thought, but bitter ones, oh,
stay
That we may crush thee in our hearts so better ones can
grow
And fill our minds, then sail away. Oh, bitter thoughts,
don't go.

WE, THE WORKING CLASS

Too long we've been cowards, too long we've been slaves;
Too long you've been tyrants, too long you've been knaves.
Aye, sure we've been cowards, for we are the mass
That toiled for you, crawled at your feet, master-class.

Yes we are the strong should we rise up in mass;
Yes we who are slaves—just a poor working class;
And with all your strength of cold steel and bright gold
Should we all arise, oh you could not enfold

Our men in your meshes. So far we forbore
To rise in our power and take from your store
The things we have made you that gave you your wealth
And gained you the power to rob us by stealth.

We've foolishly served you as servants, as slaves,
And, serving, we've proved you were cowards and knaves.
For why should you take from our homes what we need?
Why shouldn't you grant us full working men's need?

You ride in fine autos (we walk to our toil)
The autos we made you. We tilled all the soil
And garnered the harvests that you idly ate.
We toiled for you early; we slaved for you late.

Aye, you were the cowards. You dared not be true
And just to the men who were slaving for you.
You captured our women and put them in mills;
The toil of our children your pocketbook fills;

And they are now starving; they're ghastly to view—
These children of ours who've been working for you.
Aye, we are the people who made you your wealth;
You've ruined our daughters and coaxed them by stealth.

To sell you their souls; you have ruined their name,
For they couldn't starve and you brought them to shame.
Now garner your dollars and gather your spoil;
Perchance you may need them to meet men of toil.

For we are the strong if we rise up in mass,
While you are the few—just the capitalist class.
Go boast of your money; all know of your greed;
We've honor and manhood and that's all we need.

For soon we will reach to the parting of ways;
Go gloat on your riches for short are your days.
Aye, we have awakened, forgetting our fears,
And we are not stopping to shed foolish tears.

But if you will heed not we'll rise up in mass
And crush you, you tyrants, you capitalist class.
We're reaching the time when our paths will divide
If our pleadings for right are much longer denied.

For we are the mighty. Men? Thousands have we,
While you are the few to be conquered, you see.
Yes, we are the mighty and ready to fight;
We ask naught save justice; we'll fight for the right.

We'll fight for our birthright (our fathers gave that)
Of freedom you stole to make your purses fat,
For liberty true, and for freedom of speech,
For fairness of laws that give justice to each.

Beware, then, oh, tyrants, who rule with gold's rod,
Some day you must answer to us and to God.
Don't tempt us too far. "The first shall be last."
Beware of your greed e're your power is past.



NORMA DERAN

MY FATE SHIP

"For what are you watching, my darling so fair,
With roughish blue eyes and your golden brown hair.
What is it you see as you gaze far away,
Oh, tell me, my darling, oh, tell me, I pray?"
"What do I see, mother, darling? I see
A ship that is sailing, yes, sailing to me;
It's freighted with things that I've wished for so long;
It's loaded with wonders of wisdom and song.
Oh, mother, dear mother, can it really be
That fate is now bringing this ship in to me?
I've longed for, I've waited, and daily I've dreamed
Of all that is good, but all vain my hopes seemed."

"Yes, yes, daughter dear, it is coming to you,
And now you can see that I knew what was true;
I knew that great effort brings honor that's great;
Persist and success will come, e'en tho' 'tis late.
Oft did you doubt as you worked day by day,
But now in your heart comes a bright, hopeful ray."

"Oh, no, mother, dearest, I doubted not you,
For all of life's trials I felt that you knew.
Felt sure that you struggled, when younger, like me;
I knew that my efforts with joy you would see.
So now that you see my good ship coming in,
And now that I feel that some day I shall win
The things that I hope for, the good and the sweet,
Oh, mother, the honor I'd lay at your feet.
All through my life none to help me or guide,
Save you, mother dear, you have been by my side
With love and encouragement, faithful and true,
For there was none other, dear mother, save you.
Now, look, mother dear, oh, look, can't you see
My good ship Success? It is coming to me.
Life's skies look so bright; I feel not one fear.
My Fate Ship is coming. Oh, look, mother dear.

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM

We talk of peace and freedom's land;
 (A lie from the breath of hell).
There is no peace; most all are slaves
 Wherever masters dwell.

How could there be a state of peace
 When women starve each day,
Or live a gilded life of shame
 For food and clothes to pay?

How could peace reign when even babes
 Are sold for graft and greed—
All joy denied, and childhood dwarfed
 That they might masters feed?

You talk of peace. Oh, God! how false
 When men's hearts ache with woe
To hear their children cry for bread—
 The cries are vain, they know.

Our freedom's flag floats on the breeze;
 Alas! most men are slaves,
And cater to the millionaires,
 The monied men, the knaves.

The whole world reeks with wicked war
 While masters read the news;
And men kill men (blood dyes the earth),
 Nor dare war's call refuse.

This Christian (?) land of pious peace (?)
 Sends weapons for the fight,
Yet to the "heathens" sends its priests
 To preach of love and right.

"Go love thy brother as thyself;"
Yet all men brothers are;
Go live your preaching, hypocrites,
And there would be no war.

Scorn ye to take the Christian name
Yet act like wicked knaves.
Make laws to crush the master's power;
Make laws to free the slaves.

If you are weak and must have laws,
Then make them for the mass;
Not merely for the capitalist
To crush the common class.

As long as floats our freedom-flag
Let freedom be for all,
And when we prate of peace let's blush
To listen to war's call.

Let's work for freedom, work for peace;
Crush all that intervenes.
See that each one has chance for peace.
And know what freedom means.

ONE NIGHT

Just a pair of rose red lips smiling as they sleep;
Can I keep away so far? Shall I to them creep?
In their warmth lies nectar rare that I long to sip;
Would he waken if I dare kiss each honied lip?

If he wakened, would he frown, wishing me away?
Nay, I hope he'd softly speak: "Darling, come and stay."
Oh, ye tempting rose red lips, oh, dreaming eyes of blue,
I am coming, sweetheart mine, close, up close to you.

LIFE'S TRAGEDY

You talk of life's tragedies—poverty, death—
The papers are full of them all;
But, oh, could you know, they were sweet beside one—
A useless and hopeless heart call.

Thus day after day, and year after year,
Uselessly longing through life.
Unable to crush the love spirit that's ours—
Birth-born, yet alone meet the strife.

We meet with much passion wherever we go,
For life has its plenty of sin;
But love that is honest, companionship pure,
That is loyal, is e'er hard to win.

Yes, life's greatest sorrow is longing in vain
All hopelessly, year after year,
Yet feeling one's life drift away all alone.
Do you wonder a tempter comes near?

For out of life's bitterness—oh, can't you see?—
It's easy for bad to be born,
For the feet to go downward, the will to grow lax,
When, longing, a heart lives forlorn.

You talk of Christ's love, and of filling one's life
With deeds that are loving and true;
Has love given its sweetness to friends all around
And left you alone? Answer, you.

Has it left you a-longing a wife's welcome kiss
Yet feeling it never would be?
Have you, woman critic, sought love, but in vain,
A husband's homecoming don't see?

Has loneliness crushed all that's sweet in your soul?
Do you strive for, yet hold empty hands?
If this you've not known, than how dare you to judge
The one who in "sinfulness" stands?

For many there be who think lust may breed love,
But who with their tears paid the cost.
There's many a one who has married for love,
Yes, married for love, but has lost.

And which grieves the most, the unloved, hopeless wife
Or she, the unloved, "sinful" one,
The wife in lust legal who breeds many babes,
Or she who sins once and is done?

The babes of the wife tread the path that she trod,
(The longing she had may be theirs);
Through longing may seek the same dark, dreary path,
In spite of a sad mother's prayers.

The girl who has sinned stands condemned by you all;
You shun her, though what has she done?
Just sought for the love that God meant for us all,
But seeking in vain has not won.

This, life's greatest tragedy: longing each year
For that which a fate keeps away,
Unable to crush the heart cry that is ours,—
A hopeless heart-longing each day.

A RESTAURANT REVERIE

To the clang of the knives and the dishes,
My lone heart is now beating tatoo;
I alone—yet with many—I'm waiting,
I am waiting, my darling, for you.
Though the restaurant odors are creeping
All around here to tempt me to eat,
Yet no hunger is mine for I'm waiting
My sweet darling whom here I'm to meet.

As I sit all alone comes the many
Thoughts of those who must hopelessly wait
For the coming of loved ones who never
Can to them come again. Such is fate.
And I think of my home now so happy—
Ah, how drear it would be without you,
And the thoughts make the moments seem longer
Till I see you, my sweetheart so true.

May I live through the years that I help you;
When no longer I help may I die;
For a fate that might dull your sweet nature
With all strength of my soul I defy.
For I love you sincerely and truly;
Life for me has no joy else save you;
And the knowledge I've gained I'd bequeath you;
I'd deny you the sorrows I knew.

And yet, dear, I would ever remember
A true mother must give and not cling,
For life calls you to live, love, and suffer,
And to earn all the laurels you bring.
Let me teach you, my dear, to have courage
To live blameless, with purpose that's pure,
And to know that a heaven worth winning
Must be won; you for that must endure.

As I sit midst the odors of cooking
And the clashing of dishes, I rest;
While the great thronging crowds pass the windows,
And the sun hastens on to the west.
While my senses are dull to the odors;
Blurred my vision to beauty of style;
For I'm waiting for you, my sweet darling,
I am waiting for you all this while.

MY DREAM

I dreamed you returned to me, sweetheart,
As you did in the days of old.
You stood at my side in the dewing of eve
And again your true love you retold.
Your coming seemed answer to prayer of mine,
Tho' never a word I voiced;
But longing and hoping to see you, sweetheart,
Every day; so my sad heart rejoiced.
I listened, in dream, to all you said;
Quite familiar your voice and tone.
I treasured each accent, remembered each look,
As of old when you called me your own.
As I listened the stars that shone above
Seemed to sparkle like great salt tears—
Like tears that had fallen when I sat so lone
Since our parting; for drear were the years.
I asked you if you, like me, had wept,
And you started to make reply,
When I wakened and heard not your answer, sweetheart;
So I sit here alone and I sigh.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Isle where all strife is dead;
Isle where no jealousy liveth
Chilling us daily with dread.

Beautiful Isle of Sometime,
E'en tho' it seems far away;
Still must I crush all my doubtings;
Tears down my cheeks shall not stray.

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Long and afar have I sought;
Seeking, and hoping, and waiting;
Vainly, so vainly, I've thought.

Dismal and drear the pathway;
Sometimes my feet, faltering, fail;
Sometimes my heart grows so weary;
All of my hopes naught avail.

Discord and strife! I wonder
God lets us women still live.
Yet in the far distant future
Love and sweet peace fate may give.

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!
God grant us harmony, peace.
Beautiful Island of Sometime!
Soon may sad discords all cease.

LET US SMILE

Folks are getting worn and weary,
But why weep?
Frowns but make it seem more dreary,
So don't weep.
All the world is tired of fighting;
Let us women start things righting;
Peace—watch keep.

We at home have long been drudging
With hearts loyal;
Working, watching, ne'er begrudging
Days at toil.
What care we for pride or beauty
If our loved ones do their duty,
And foes foil.

We will still preach brotherhood
And will smile.
We must know the world is good
All the while.
E'en though cannons loud are roaring,
And the fighting airships soaring,
Let us smile.

What's the use to be complaining
'Bout the strife.
What's the use to be exclaiming;
"What a life!"
Let's be working for the ending,
When our boys their home-way wending
End the strife.

THE LARGER LIFE

The morn of life seemed sweet and fair,
Altho' the years brought but despair
And bitterness; aye, none could know
The strength it took to bear my woe.

I wipe away the trace of tears
And bury hopes of youthful years.
I try to live a larger life
While all the world is now at strife.

My selfish self must be forgot,
And self-sought pleasures—they are naught.
My comrades need my words of cheer.
Why hesitate? For friends are dear.

And so I lay my hopes aside
And tyranny and greed deride;
For that's the cause of world-wide woe.
Yes, this all thinkers truly know.

If brotherhood of Christ ruled now
We'd not to blood-dyed tyrants bow;
We'd dare to call our souls our own;
We'd dare to keep what we have sown.

We'd dare to think and think aloud,
Not fear the greed-grown masters proud,
Who rule by might of gold—the knaves!—
The whiles we sit as puppets, slaves.

Awake, oh, comrades, be you strong,
And tyranny will not last long,
Altho' I dare the prison-pen
In writing this. Be men! Be men!

Since we are many, might is strength;
United we can win at length.
No gun, no vote to me they give,
But may my hand help comrades live.

And may my heart truth's message send,
And this—my booklet—help-thoughts lend.
My morn-tide life seemed fair and sweet
But I shall call my life complete,

And not regret the love-life missed,
Or sigh my lips were left un-kissed,
If I can help my comrades bear
The freedom's flag my father dear

Helped save in '65. And so
I bury deep and dark and low
My selfish hopes. For freedom's strife
I try to live the larger life.

OPTIMISM

I know it is raining and skies are all dark,
But look far beyond all the clouds, dear, just try;
The rain will soon stop and the clouds pass away,
For see! there's the rose-tinted symbol on high.

Oh, wise is the woman who sees through the rain
The rainbow of promise up in the arched sky,
And knows that behind all despair is sweet truth
E'en tho' old glum sorrow keeps hovering nigh.

Oh, wise is the man who keeps fighting with faith
For good and the perfect he knows can be won
By patiently waiting and working each day
Then trusting and resting at setting of sun.

THE BIRD CRITIC

The rosy rays of summer's morn were tinting all;

The crystal dewdrops nestled on each blossom fair;
Bright plumaged birds were singing, flitting through trees
tall—

Their songs the only sounds that pierced the morning
air.

The wild wind kissed, in wilful passion, each wild rose;

In modest shame the brilliant bloom its petals shed.

The cooing dove to his sweet mate then whispered soft:

"The winds have wooed and kissed the roses; they are
dead."

"Alas," the mate with worldly wisdom then replied,

"You blame the winds; but if you think, my dear, 'tis
plain

Though they were guilty they were not the ones to blame.

When roses blush as tempters soon their joys are slain.

They turned their faces to the winds and sweetly smiled;

They waved their haughty heads and flirted with the
sun;

And they should not complain when sun and winds woo
them.

So now their tempting and their blushing life is done."

The cooing dove to his pert mate then spoke again:

"The roses wild, I grant, have lasted but a day;

But in our hearts their fragrant sweetness will survive;

The brilliant blooms will live on memory's walls for
aye."

Then quick replied the jealous mate to cooing dove:

"Though memory will not let the roses' beauty die,

You know, my dear, their prickly thorns live all the year;

E'en pluck the rose in bloom, the thorn is nigh."

And she, the critic dove, then tossed her vain, wee head,
And flew afar. Alas, thought I, this female bird
Was not unlike the human female sex; for hard
Are women's thoughts of women, so I've often heard.

THE EVENTIDE OF LIFE

The eventide of life has come for me
And all the happy hopes of youth have died;
Life's grief has tinted all around with gray
Because for me has come life's eventide.

In quiet sadness I recall each joy
Of youth, and with me does its sweet abide
And lighten many loads of sorrow now,
For now has come to me life's eventide.

The years I've lived have taught me each has both
Of joy and sorrow, and together close they glide;
One brings its lessons; one, its sweets. But both
Are aids to us when comes life's eventide.

Oh, cross (that oft I bear in bitterness
Because with love life was not sanctified),
Let me not faint beneath thy heavy load
Ere comes the end of this—life's eventide.

Perchance life's setting sun may bring relief,
And near life's end love ope it portals wide
And satiate with joy my starving heart,
Ere I shall sleep and end life's eventide.

THE CLOCK TICKS LOUD

There are times when life is nothing
More than eat and drink and sleep;
When a new-born hope is dying
Which we bury dark and deep;
And we turn with faltering footsteps
From the grave that holds the shroud
To our lonely, loveless hearthstone,
Where the clock ticks loud.

Then the stream of life is sluggish,
And we move because we must;
E'en our friends seem false and fickle
And we shun them with distrust;
Then the days seem weeks of waiting
For the sun of joy; a cloud
Now has hidden hope, ambition;
And the clock ticks loud.

But our friends are pushing onward
Through discouragement and grief;
And we scorn to sit so listless
And our lethargy grows brief.
So once more we take new spirit
Thankful for our gifts endowed,
And the world seems once more cheerful
While the clock ticks loud.

But we linger not to heart it,
For we join the moving throng
That is rushing, crushing onward,
For life's stream is swift and strong.
And ambition grows within us
While we march to victory, proud;
And our life seems nobler, grander,
And the clock ticks loud.

TO MISS CHILDS

Thou standest on the brink of woe and weal.
What fate may give thou canst not see or feel,
And this, dear friend, is better, wiser so;
For couldst thou see the grief thine heart may know

Thou'dst weep because thine hopes would not all be
Fulfilled in life. It is the best for thee.
No path is smooth. Aye, none just as we planned.
We never drift beyond the guiding hand

That made the path, the stumbling blocks, and all
To tempt our strength if we are brave or fall
Beneath the trials that, when bravely met,
Will crown us queens, though eyes may oft be wet.

Thou standest on the brink of joy, I feel,
And from thy youthful gaze fate may conceal
The pleasures time may give, and good be done;
For this I hope; thou'lt wear a crown well won.

Since looking in thine eyes so sweet and pure
I see a courage that will e'er endure
And help thee ever choose the wise, the right,
Thus making home a haven of delight.

A husband's love is of all things most dear.
Give each to each of comradeship and cheer.
Apart from all the world walk side by side,
And in thine home let love and truth abide.

Keep jealousy and falsehood far away,
And then, methinks, that joy will ever stay.
Fear not to journey onward side by side,
He, happy husband; you, a happy bride.

MY LONE LIFE

In sadness and silence I sit here alone
And ponder the whyfore and where
Of all of the heart-hurtling problems of mine
When life might be joyous and fair.
I wove my sweet love dream of youth in pure faith
That virture would reap what it sowed;
But sadly I wakened to find my life crop
'Twas partly to others I owed.

When harvests of woe had been garnered in time
My heart with the lust-briers bled;
But virtue and faith were the seeds I had sown,
And bitter the tears that I shed.
My love dream was woven of faith and of hope
Too great its sweet self to enshrine
In the heart of a lust-selfish creature called man,
At least the one I called mine.

The narrow ideas of a creed-teaching world
Had sunk in his heart down so deep
Ere I chanced to meet him, he could not judge fair,
Nor treasure ideals I keep.
The women he knew seemed quite fickle to him;
He thought I would be like the rest.
He could not e'en fathom a broad soul that soars
Through all realms and all creeds for the best.

So sadly I saw that my life must be lived
Apart; and my striving alone.
If victory were mine, and if honor I earned
In future, 'twas mine, all my own.
And so I have struggled and patiently worked
That my duty alone I might do;
The trials that came in my pathway were hard
And honors have come, quite a few.

I value them not, for with no one to share
What care I for laurels or praise?
If aught of my talents can help others to live
I will feel not all useless my days.
Tho' oft, as tonight, do I sit here alone
And bitter creeps where love should be.
I strive to be loving and think not of self
And victory will soon come to me.

JOG ALONG

Would you solve this world-wide worry?
Jog along.

Would you drive away the tear drops?
Sing a song.

Would you find the gates to gladness?
Would you banish sin and sadness?
Jog along.

Would you solve your little problems?
Jog along.

Would you help the weak souls struggling
With the strong?
Then awake, and think, and hustle.
Use your brain as well as muscle
In life's throng.

Would you help some foot-worn brother
Jog along?

'Twas our Christ said: "Love each other"
Right or wrong.

Do you see some brother sinning?
If you lead him right you're winning.
Jog along.

GET A HUMP ON YOU, BOY

As I sat in my room, one bright day long ago,
 (When for me life was bright and my skies filled with
 joy),
Several youths, passing by had a quarrel (as boys will).
 I o'erheard one lad say: "Get a hump on you, boy."

And I thought: My! what slang! But just then down the
 street
 Came a man bent with years and his hair was quite
 gray;
By his side trudged a child and I saw she was blind.
 To our door slow they came and I heard the man say:

"Will you please buy some pins? This poor child here
 is ill.
 Both her parents are dead. None to help her but me.
She's my grandchild and I, by my work, earn her food.
 Buy some pins, won't you, please? For her sake.
 She can't see."

And I thought as I looked at the man old and worn:
 What a load he was bearing, when cares I had none.
Why should I live a life free from burdens and work?
 Why should some have all trials while I had not one?

As I sat there I thought of the slang I had heard.
 (All is good did we know. There is nothing alloy.)
And that slang was a sermon for me then, I thought.
 Yes, for me. Bear my share. "Get a hump on you,
 boy."

So I searched o'er the world—this wide world with its
 woe—
 And I found many wrongs to be righted somehow.
So I took up my cross, giving aid as I can,
 And I'm proud I can say I've a hump on me now.

Aye, this grief-stricken world needs brave women and
men

Here at home just as well as abroad. Speak of joy
To the poor grieving souls. Cheer the lone, weary hearts.
Right the wrong. You can help. "Get a hump on
you, boy."

EQUALITY

It is easy to preach of equality, friends;
That's a trick of the capitalist class.
But we know, we who bear all the brunt of the law,
That it's false, false as hell. Let it pass.

Men who think know the truth: that most law is a sham—
Just a shield for the rulers, you know.
They steal thousands, go free, or in prison they sit
With life's luxuries in "Banker's Row."

But the poor man who steals but a few loaves of bread
Lest his family may suffer or die,
Spends long years in his cell eating poor prison fare.
Why should law grant this difference? Now why?

Tho' the rich man has millions, when he is a thief
Let his riches all stay out of jail.
Shame on laws that will place a great premium on wealth,
For the good of such laws will e'er fail.

E'en tho' poor, yet "a man's a man for a' that."
When in guilt every man is the same.
Shame on laws that will starve him who dollars have none
And yet banquet rich thieves in life's game.

EGOISM vs. SOCIALISM

In all this broad expanse of earth
We find a wondrous multitude—
One mass composed of single souls;
All creeds, all castes, some bad, some good.

How shall life best be lived, we ask.
What motive rules us in our acts?
Is't each for all, or each for each?
Which plan is best? Let's seek for facts.

Am "I" the center of all thought?
Must I upon myself depend
And fight my fights, my victories win?
And "progress for myself" defend?

Now am I only strong and brave
When I refuse the world's support,
And live my life apart from men,
And individual power court?

The path of progress for the world—
It comes not thru developed self
Alone, but bettered men in mass
Devoid of selfishness or pelf.

The heart of socialism says
The social order must be pure,
Men live for men, and each for all,
Ere progress true can long endure.

While all our wealth is owned by few,
With poverty in homes of most,
How can we progress as we should?
How can we of our nation boast?

When day by day men search for work,
While babes and women cry for food,
While wealth grows great and men decay,
How can we call our nation good?

Each one should be both brave and pure
And crush all paltry greed and pelf.
How could he help his fellow men
And not be getting help himself?

What chance for us to be aught else
When all around us we've made good?
Let's give all others one square deal
And love each other as we should.

The world is made of single souls;
Let each grow perfect as he can;
But in a world let's grow in mass
And always help our fellowman.

YOU GET WHAT YOU GIVE

You get from the world what you give it, my friend,
You reap but the harvest you sow;
Then learn this one fact, for 'tis potent for all,
And give naught but good as you go.
Give honesty, virtue, and words of good cheer,
And good must come back, friend of mine;
Perchance not in your way, or just when you wish,
But sure in God's way, and God's time.
Then give to the world of your strength and your love,
For they were but loaned you the while.
You get from the world what you give to the world.
Then give kindly words and a smile.

IN YOUTH

In youth life seemed an easy thing to me;
I need but raise my hand
 And what I wished was done;
And so I thought that e'er 'twould be the same.
Alas, I little knew
 That golden crowns are won.

I could not make the future seem a task;
To me my world seemed large,
 Though miles I went were few.
I did not dream that fate would take me far
In distant lands to work
 'Midst friends that all were new.

'Twas well my fate I could not see or know;
For bitter trials soon came,
 I bravely tried to meet.
And year by year I've learned to know life's truth;
We all must drain the cup;
 Each bitter has its sweet.

I hear the youths around make plans so great;
I, silent, sadly smile
 To hear their hoped-for dreams.
We rule not life, oftentimes, but it rules us;
No difference how we plan
 All vain it sometimes seems.

Although we may not wear the crown we wish
We'd better dream and work
 To earn some longed-for goal.
"Not failure but low aim is crime," 'tis said.
In age we're glad to win
 A part, if not the whole.

OUR FAILURES

How well I know them now; so great they seemed.
They were like little devils in my way;
They seemed to whisper: "Stop! It's no use trying,"
And in my path they ever seemed to stray.

At first I listened to their tempting voice;
But when I studied life's heroic men
I found that they, like me, had met with failures,
But picked up strength and tried, and tried again.

And so I turned deaf ears when failures spoke,
But let them scamper in my mind at will;
And then I thought I'd make them into fairies
To urge me on to greater effort still.

So thinking of them soon became a help;
I saw the "where" of former trials and "why";
And looking close I soon found out my errors
And then was ready once again to try.

So now I know these fairies are my friends;
How much I prize them you can never guess.
Had they not taunted me with tempting
I know I never would have won success.

LIFE'S BELLS

Ding! Ding! Youth-time bells,
Ring! Ring! Joy foretells.
 Lightly, gaily, all things pass
 For the lad and for the lass.
Ding! Ding! Hope shines bright;
Not one grief to mar their sight.
 Ding! Ding! All is fair;
 Not a worry, they, or care.

Dong! Dong! Something's wrong.
Not so gaily now the song.
 Years have passed and manhood now
 Is revealed on laddie's brow.
And the face of lassie dear
Shows a sign of fretful fear.
 Dong! Dong! Life has cares
 And they come all unawares.

Bang! Bang! Oh, those bells
Only grief and misery tells.
 Manhood's marred by wrong seed sown;
 Now grief's thistles he has mown.
Bang! Bang! Woman's heart
And all joys are far apart.
 Hope has gone; there's naught save woe;
 'Tis her harvest could she know.

Gong! Gong! Bells toll slow.
Man and woman aged grow.
 Golden tresses now are gray;
 Youthtime friends have passed away.
Gong! Gong! One by one.
Rest in peace; earth struggles done.
 Was the effort all in vain?
 Listen to those bells again.

Ding! Ding! Life will be
What you make it. Don't you see?
All is given that is right,
And fair chances. Make the fight.
Health and strength for gluttons? No.
Joy and peace unwon? Not so.
Triumphs come from good seed sown.
You will reap your crop—your own.

Dong! Dong! Earth gives its best.
Life will put you to the test.
Are you worthy what it gave?
Are you coward? Are you brave?
Dong! Dong! Much is wrong;
Righten it by word and song.
Life's not long. There's much to do.
Duties done bring pleasures new.

Gong! Gong! Age creeps near.
If you're good what need you fear?
Under silvered tresses now
Shines a calm and peaceful brow.
Eyes shine bright with love's sweet light
For earth efforts have been right.
Ding! Ding! Life will be
What you make it. Can't you see?

Ding! Ding! All is well.
Hope and cheer I try to tell.
Have my songs all been in vain?
Then I'll sing, I'll sing again
Till my songs shall reach your heart,
Reach and heal the broken part.
Ding! Dong! Life will be
What you make it. Don't you see?

CANAAN, THE LAND OF PROMISE

Edessa is a pretty place beside a deep clear spring,
And from its many treetops tall the birds their carols sing.
There just beyond the little berg a fortress stands on rock
That gave protection always sure, nor felt a foeman's
 shock.

Here in Edessa, Terah lived. He made up moulden gods;
And as the days passed slowly by he diligently plods.
But he had heard of Canaan's land—a place of paradise;
Each day he looked out to the west with sad and wistful
 eyes.

He longed to see the grassy slope that led to ocean's tide;
He longed to feel the salt sea breeze and see the ocean
 wide.
He called his son and nephew, Lot, and told of his desire;
And telling of their new-born plans it seemed they'd
 never tire.

And so the old homestead was sold; he started for Harran,
There thought to tarry for a day, then on to Canaan's
 land.
But one day grew to many days; at Harran still he stayed,
And lived, and worked and there he died—his final hope
 delayed.

He dreamed of ocean's glories, yet dared not dream and
 do;
He took one step of progress, yet took but one, not two—
Just one day's march from where he left; just ten where
 he should go.
Alas, the man who wins a goal must make full trips, you
 know.

We each some land of promise see; it oft seems far away;
But if we reach the destined spot must go more than one
day.

Our efforts will not be in vain for others tread our road
And going onward by our start reap good our hands have
sowed.

Then seek a higher, better life, nor pause not on the way;
Be generous, just; seek heaven's blue; in paths for self
don't stray.

Oh, leave Odessa. Leave the past—it's harsh and bitter
creeds.

Branch out. Move on. Progress. The world brave lead-
ers needs.

MY PRAYER

For ease I ask Thee not, Oh Lord;
All willing I to live my life
And do each task my hand shall find,
Nor once complain, tho' hard the strife.
For wealth I ask Thee not, Oh Lord,
Tho many pleasures it can give,
And I, but human, love them all;
Yet wealth I ask not while I live.
Not even beauty, grace of form,
Nor brilliant eyes, nor features fair,
Nor wit in speech, of Thee I ask.
But grant me Love; this is my prayer.

THE SABBATH DAY

The chiming of the bells proclaims the Sabbath Day is
here.

From tiny hut and hamlet grand in gala garb appear
The people who, with one acclaim, believe it time to rest
And leave their homes for temples fine, arrayed in Sunday
best.

Some say all joy as well as work must now be put away,
And that in solemn reverence we keep this sacred day
Which we preserve in memory of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
He who, they think, in quietude can only be adored.

Their children speak with bated breath for fear of doing
wrong.

Ee'n music, too, they do condemn unless 'tis solemn song.
In other huts and happy homes can different groups be
found

Where music rings and glad heart sings and walls with
joy resound.

They tread no paths to pious priests with cruel cant and
creed,

But pride themselves in happy homes not ruled by priestly
greed.

Perchance they work, if need must be, on this—the
Sabbath Day.

They do not bend, in mocking mein, their knees to sing
and pray.

And yet, perchance, if you but knew, no better could you
find

Than these who know no caste or creed save love for
human kind.

It all may be the churches reach the mass and make them
wise,

But narrow is the church-made man who outside good
denies.

The wisest sermons ever made were not in pulpits heard,
But from the fragrance of the rose, or warbling throat of
bird;

From ants that scurry o'er the sand their morals great to
teach;

From rivulets that glide along, the ocean wide to reach.

The sweetest sermons of the world in words are never
told,

But seen deep in our mothers' eyes, as in their arms they
hold

The tiny beings nature gave, aye, of their selves a part.

The God is love, and mother's love is God in human
heart.

The chiming of the bells proclaims this is the Sabbath
Day,

But nature e'er proclaims a song: Be good, and faithful
stay.

The Jesus wants not just one day that's set apart for Him

And all the rest for greed and graft and other kinds of sin.

When six days have been wrongly lived the seventh is
not blessed

E'en tho' all popes in Christendom proclaim it day of
rest.

The chiming of the bells is loud and says on land and sea;

"Be good; Be good. One brotherhood this whole wide
world should be."

Then if we on our knees do pray today for humankind,
Be sure that on the morrow we some suffer'ing brother
find;

And, finding, give the word of cheer the hungry world
most needs.

No church can make a Christ-like man till he do Christ-
like deeds.

Then church or no, it rests with us to be just what we
will—

A pious Sunday hypocrite who priestly pockets fill,
Or one of Jesus' followers who loves his fellow man,
And, loving all, does good for all, where e'er, when e'er he
can.

MY MESSAGE

On the wings of the wind I send you
A message I cannot say;
For miles intervene 'tween you and me,
'Tween you, dear, and me today.

As I speak it the treetops listen;
I know that each cricket tries
To chirp to its mate my message sweet;
The man in the moon looks wise.

And I can't see why he should listen
To what I would say to you;
There's not e'en one lass above us, dear,
To whom he can speak and love, too.

Oh, the night winds are swift and true, dear,
So list what they say to you;
'Twill be but the old sweet song, dear heart,
So old and yet always new.

'Tis "I love you, dear heart, I love you";
Perchance you have heard before;
But list and the winds shall add for me:
"Each day do I love you more."

THE BAREFOOT GIRL

The poet sang of the "barefoot boy";
I sing of a barefoot girl
Whose cheeks are as pink as the roses that blush,
And touched by one tangled curl.

Her hair one mass of light golden wax,
It falls in long curls behind;
It hangs o'er her shoulders and touches her waist—
Such hair do you seldom find.

Her eyes—ah, Heaven has lost its tint—
They share of its azure hue;
So bright do they sparkle that never, I think,
Have tears nestled there—or few.

She skips along in her childhood glee,
Her heart full of childish song.
Alas, that life's grief should creep into her heart,
Her mind ever know the wrong.

Today she sings as she trots along,
Her bonnet she wears with glee,
And close to her heart there is clasped a small doll—
A mother in miniature—she.

She chirps and cuddles the babe she has;
"Ou dis was ou mamma's boy."
She heeds not the treasures of childhood around
Altho' she has many a toy.

And so it is but the way of life
For motherhood's best of all.
The heart of each lassie will long for babe-love,
The instincts of motherhood call.

And so, my lassie, with eyes of blue,
And feet that with dust are brown,
I know what it means just to fondle and love,
For I've a sweet babe of my own.

WHY SU'AH

Within my mind both night and day
Your image softly seems to stray.
Now is it right for me to know
If you, my friend, would have it so?
Perchance you'll answer ere I leave—
An "aye" or "no" I'll sure believe;
But as the southern breezes play,
I sit and list for you to say:
"Why, su'ah."

Your southern accents, twinkling eyes,
And kindly ways, could but give rise
To admiration in my heart.
I know that I shall dread to part.
When comes the time that I must go,
If you will miss me I would know;
I list for answer just once more—
"Why, su'ah."

The northern breezes, cold and wild,
Would lose their sting and seem but mild
If sometimes you would send a thought
Far north to me. Oh, could you not?
My heart would listen if you call,
And not one word would idly fall.
I long to hear you say once more:
"Why, su'ah."

Dear, when the summer suns grow old,
And autumn months have twice been told,
I'll haste away from ice and snow
To where the southern breezes blow,
Where once again I'll see your face.
Then in your eyes, dear, may I trace
A joyous gleam? Can you say true:
"Why, su'ah."

And when I reach the "gates ajar,"
To seek the mansion where you are,
When all the earth-made ties are freed,
The sweetest music I shall heed
Will be your words in sweet reply
(As I shall ask: "Glad I am nigh
To part from you, my friend, no more?")
"Why, su'ah."

SCATTER KINDNESS

'Tis only several summer showers
That grows the grass, you know;
'Tis only sunshine day by day
That makes the gardens grow.

'Tis only just the sun's bright rays
That brings the beauteous morn;
'Twas only one small baby wail
They heard when Christ was born.

It only takes one gladsome grasp
To make us feel a friend;
And just a word of hearty cheer,
Why can't we give, or send?

The little things in life mean much;
The world is big and sad;
Then scatter kindness 'long the way;
Help make this old world glad.

THE NARROW PATH

Broad is the way that leads to failure
And thousands walk together there,
For gilded pleasures tempt the traveler
To seek the path that looks most fair.

But narrow is the path of duty;
The traveler looks not for the end;
He scorns the trials that lead to progress,
And chafes at barriers wise gods send.

His very haste destroys his power;
Persistence, patience must be tried,
And these found wanting, glory tarries,
It must be won or be denied.

Tho' tempting looks the broad path onward
And taskless seems, yet try it not;
The golden glitter is but gilded;
Its pleasures are not what you thought.

The sweet soon turns to hellish bitter;
The smiles will change to tear drops brine,
And music turn to cries of anguish.
Beware, beware, oh, friend of mine.

Earth gives no heaven without the earning;
Fate says you reap but what you sow.
Oh, that the heavens could shout this warning;
We might not all such misery know.

Broad is the way that leads to failure
And filled with lust and crime and greed—
All sins but of a moment's making,
From years of suffering never freed.

But narrow is the path of duty
And dark and temptless oft to view;
Yet Christ—our brother—beckons onward—
He whose example e'er is true.

"Sell all thou hast, give to the needy."
"Go love thy brother as thyself."
Fill not thy mind with selfish hoarding,
Nor fill thy purse with paltry pelf.

Go lift the fallen from the gutter!
Go cheer the woman at the well!
Help bear the burdens of the helpless!
With love and hope life's anthem swell.

The narrow path is full of duties,
Tho' it will lead to heaven and rest.
The broad leads hellward. Choose ye wisely.
Stop and think which one is best.

TO MRS. DUNBAR

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in love always;
The bond of friendship made on earth
Shall live and last for aye.
And though you miss me now
And mourn for me today,
I have not—could not leave you all;
In spirit form I stay.
Then grieve not, sisters dear,
For grief no good e'er gives;
But let my spirit reach you all;
Just say: "She lives. She lives."

DON'T BE A GROUCH

Why be a groucher? A grouch don't win a thing.
Now don't you think it better if you would smile or sing?
Grouching never wins us friends, or food, or wealth,
And—yes I'm sure that grouching will injure peace and
health.

Why be a kicker, altho life's road is rough?
For all your friends around you are finding fate is tough;
Yet they keep a working and singing as they go,
For just as well go singing as kicking, don't you know.

Why be a grumbler, for life is not all drear,
Altho' today is cloudy, tomorrow may be clear.
Let's just hope for sunshine. Hope drives clouds away.
The darkest hour is always before the dawn of day.

Don't be a grumbler a kicking all the while.
No one loves a groucher. Make the grouch a smile.
Each one has his burdens. Yours are yours to bear.
Add to no one's sorrow by your tale of care.

Let's be a lifter, not a dragger-down
By our kicks and grumbling, by our dismal frown.
Let's be a thinker; think what's good and true
That will help each other. Start the world anew.

Let's be a pusher and push the drones along.
Teach them to work bravely; teach them to be strong.
Let's be a leader, leading toward the light.
Telling what is cheerful, seeing what is bright.

COULD I HAVE YOU

Could I have you and hold you apart from the world,
 Away from its misery and woe,
Could I whisper my longing and love for you, dear,
 In whispers that none else could know,
Oh, I'm sure that your heart would respond to my voice—
 That never one grief you would feel;
But we both must bear bravely our burden of life
 And all of the bitter conceal.

Could we both live the life that we each one desire,
 Our journey would be one of peace;
But there's never a hero that's not sorely tried,
 And from life's real duties would cease.
And the man that fights bravely and patiently on
 Is only the man that's worth while,
And the wife that is good is the one who will meet
 All the trials of life with a smile.

Were no thorns mingled 'mong our garlanded blooms
 Their fragrance no pleasure would give;
And to patiently bear and to willingly share
 All sorrow and joy is to live.
For the fate that is ours we have made, you and I,
 And to shirk that we caused is to fail.
Let our love—each for each—make us patient and wise
 And no duty let's ever bewail.

As the days swiftly pass will the load lighter grow
 If we each do our part day by day.
As the months bear us on to eternity's gate
 Will we grieve less at life's fearful fray.
And the victory we win with our patience and love
 Will be worth more than all else beside.
And the peace that will come from a duty well done
 In life's evening will not be denied.

WHEN THE BUTTERFLIES ARE 'ROUND

Oh, the sun is shining brightly,
And the grass is brownish green;
And the bees are buzzing softly
As their industry is seen.

All the onion tops have fallen,
And tomatoes bending low
With their red and juicy burden;
And the winds do hotly blow.

See the squash vines chase all over
As they grow with reckless haste;
Hear the corn leaves crack and crinkle
As they turn from green to waste.

There the radish blossoms tell us
That from death new life evolves—
Just a promise of more dainties
When again the sun revolves.

Here the lettuce stately, sturdy,
Rears in scorn its seedy head,
Growing bitter since we scorn it,
Just like mortals whom we dread.

And the beets with garnet leafings
Reach to meet the carrots' green,
Tho' their richer red and yellow
'Neath earth's covering can't be seen.

Poor old Fido hunts the shade trees;
Earth worms creep in deeper ground.
Oh, it is a lazy season
When the butterflies are 'round.

THE LOST POEM

Last eve, as the sunbeams grew weary,
And nature was sinking to rest,
I sat me to write a long poem—
The one that I hoped would be best.

The meter flowed 'long like a river;
My thoughts on the paper soon grew;
I smiled as I wrote my epistle
And thought: "This is sure something new."

A visitor came and I tarried
To please her with music and jest;
The evening soon passed as she lingered
Till late; then I hied me to rest.

The morning dawned bright and I hastened
To write on my poem—new thought;
But, lo! in the night it had vanished—
My treasure all vainly I sought.

A deep disappointment crept o'er me;
No line to my mind could I bring;
And, try as I would, rhyming failed me;
My thoughts were too prosy to sing.

I thought then of life's disappointments,
So many and so hard to bear;
How oft we must make new beginnings
And greater the things we must dare.

For life with its trials and turmoils
Had taught me: "No, never give up."
The errors and failures to heroes
Gives strength to win the prize cup.

And what tho' I lost last night's rhyming,
A song that is sweeter I'll write.
May it teach you one lesson that's worthy—
This song that I'm writing tonight.

WHEN YOU ARE AWAY

Just a bit lonesome, the hours seem long;
Just a wee minor will creep in my song;
And tho' the sun shines yet the world has gone wrong,
For you are away.

That's why I'm lonesome and that's why I sigh,
Altho' to seem cheerful so vainly I try.
My life seems so empty when you are not nigh;
And you are away.

Winds seem to moan and chill me all through;
The sunshine seems dimmer, the skies don't seem blue,
When I am a grieving and longing for you
When you are away.

Love, I would shorten the moments each day
That you must needs wander and from me must stray.
My heart needs you so, dear, oh, hasten, I pray
And don't stay away.

Someway I knew that your love was my own;
I saw in your glances, your touch and your tone
Ere in words the sweet truth to me you made known.
But now you're away.

Still does my heart leap with joy at the thought
Of all the sweet tenderness that will be brought,
Dear, when you return. Then grieve more I'll not
When you are away.

IT'S HARD TO SING

It's hard to sing well when things go dead wrong,
Yet what availeth a frown?

The flowers will bloom in the springtime again
Tho' earth hides them now with its brown.

It's hard to sing hope to each saddened soul
When hope has long died in one's breast;
It's hell to sing love when one's heart cries in vain,
Yet the song may breed love for the rest.

It's hard to keep going the road one should go
When another looks tempting and fair;
And oftentimes one turns from the track sick at heart
With life's misery—tho' fate says: "Beware."

It's hard to go back but it's hell to go on;
The brave man retraces his path;
For long be the trial and dreary life's way,
Yet rest be the sweet aftermath.

It's hard to sing songs when the tears dim one's face,
Yet why should we sing of our grief?
Tho' fate gave us not out of life what we sought
To sing what we dreamed gives relief.

Then sing of life's love, and the good, and the true,
And cheer up the world with your song;
Your own dreary life may not seem quite so bleak.
Aye, sing as you're passing along.

PERSISTENCE

To everyone is wisely given
A talent for some work to do;
Yet of the men who use their power
To perfect it, we find but few.
Alas for him who does not gather
From out life's field one finished fruit;
Who does not sing one song that's perfect;
Who lives and dies with heartstrings mute.

Tho' all your work may not be perfect,
Yet each one can do one thing well,
Can bear one full-weight bundle homeward,
"Well done" can hear the master tell.
You bring no task up to perfection
If you but tarry on the way
To grumble that the toil is heavy,
Or newer work you seek each day.

If life hath placed you from your talent
And fate decreed you cannot change,
Then do your best with what's been given
And try your strength to rearrange.
Desire ne'er makes a happy person
Nor brings success when tasks are great;
Demand alone can make best effort
Or make a heavy burden light.

Just grit your teeth and march right onward;
Your own will come to you some day.
Be not content with work half finished.
Persist. Success will come your way.
Within the circle of your duty
Select some task that you like best.
Remould your talent to the trying.
Persistence is life's greatest test.

REINCARNATED DREAMS

In the noon of existence I sit sad and weary;
I care not for life with its strenuous strain—
With its promise for much, but a promise long broken,
With dark buried hopes that can come not again.

When I try to look forward bedimmed is my vision,
For tears, bitter tears, fill my eyes as I look;
And they fall on my hands in soft, gentle caresses,
And falling so fast soil the page of my book.

As I think of the past, young years freighted with promise
Of all that was happy and perfect and pure,
I but wonder why fate gives such dreams to be shattered,
Why—the promise denied—do the hopes still endure.

The buds of my youth with the years have been blasted;
The sepals are singed and the petals are seared,
And not even the dew of my sorrow could moisten
The rootlets; to death all too closely they've neared.

But I know that my hope plants of youth are not useless;
No seed sips life's nectar to sip it in vain;
And the plant buds, tho' buried, seek life in a new form
And youth dreams, remodeled, I dream once again.

Aye, remodeled, and bettered, and broadened, my vision—
Not love for one only, but love for mankind;
For the sad and the suffering who can see not life's sun-
shine
I dream of today and for self would be blind.

For in stilling the ache of my sorrowing sisters
I stifle the selfishness formerly mine;
And in sharing the burden of hearts bowed in sorrow
I do as our leader, the Christ called divine.

So, oh tears, cease your falling; bedim not my duty;
Oh, Love, give me strength to go forth for the fight.
Let me linger no longer o'er day dreams now idle,
But take up the battle of Brotherhood's might.

STOP

There's many a rest in the pathway of life
If only we'd stop to take it.
There's many a joy in the hours we live
If we'd only search to find them.
There's always a rose in the pathway of thorns
If our hearts will but truly seek it.
There's a God in each heart that seemingly "sins"
If we'd only search to see Him.

But our blinded eyesight will miss the sweet rose
While looking for scratch of thistle.
Our poor deafened ears will but hear minor strains
While failing to list to joyous;
And sad burdened hearts will but grieve o'er the work
Our tired, toil-worn hands are doing,
While our vision, so narrow, sees but the "sin,"
And, seeing, the sight annoys us.

Let's stop and rest. Life's sky has blue
Beyond the clouds. Oh, stop to see.
There must be joy and love and peace
For you, dear friend, for you and me.
Let's stop and rest. Life's not all toil.
Let's pluck the rose that's blooming near.
Let's heed the plaintive cry for love,
For love is all, and love is here.

TO "OUR BOYS"

May 30, 1912, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Recited for the G. A. R.

Once in years long gone in story
Did you boys march forth to glory
 Bearing in your hearts a new-born pride;
For your country had been calling,
And, tho' farewell tears were falling
 From the eyes of mother, sister, sweetheart, bride,

Still a greater call you heeded,
For love bade you go where needed—
 Oh, so truly needed in that hour of strife;
So with steps so firm and steady
In your pride you said: "I'm ready
 With my gun, please God, if need be with my life."

Little knew you of war's troubles;
Little dreamed you of death's struggles;
 Little cared you, if the cause were nobly won;
In your paths you left your dying
While you onward fought, though sighing
 For the friends whose earthly duties now were done.

But the tears would bathe your faces
As you saw the empty places
 Latelv filled by comrades, friends, on left and right;
But though grieving you ne'er faltered
Nor your path to victory altered;
 But you bravely marched and battled day and night.

Aye, 'tis years long gone in story
That you boys marched forth to glory—
 Glory that to us will never fade away;
And though many boys are sleeping,
Still the loving tryst we're keeping,
 We, your friends who love you, and you boys who stay.

And tho' you and we must sever,
Rest assured that we will ever
 Keep memorial day in love for them and you.
We will bring our fragrant flowers
And the sweetest thought of ours
 Shall be given to our heroes brave and true.

So today accept love's token;
Words in prose and rhythm spoken,
 And the blooms of red and white and violets blue;
May the soft winds, sweet, caressing,
Waft to you the sweetest blessing—
 You, our grayhaired boys, so noble, brave and true.

OUR BABY, PAULINE

Methinks Old Time hath cheated me;
 If not, alas! I sigh
That so much precious babyhood
 Hath gone; e'en though I try

To smile because of kisses given
 From childish lips so pure;
And, oh, I wish thy love for us
 Might through Time's flight endure.

These lines to thee today are naught;
 To thee no meaning lend;
And yet in after years they'll breathe
 The message of a friend.

THE FARM

In the dust and the din of the city so large,
Do I sit all alone midst the crowd passing by,
While my thoughts roam afar to the freedom of fields,
Where the gold of the grains meets the blue of the sky;
Where the birds flit in freedom and trees stately wave
Their tall tops to the sunbeams and back to the east;
Weary farmers are hastening back to their homes
Where they join with their families to share evening's feast.

O'er the tall daisied grasses the shepherd dog trots;
In the barnyard the milk-dripping cows patient wait
As they moo for the miss who with pail nightly goes
For the lacteal fluid, along about eight.
Buzzing bees near the house to their hives carry sweets,
And the clover they rob of its nectar so rare;
Just beyond lies the orchard where trees, burdened, stand
With their pink, red and gold. 'Tis a picture most fair.

There the clear winding creek with its twists and its turns
Silent flows like a white silvered thread midst the green;
There's the grunting of pigs and the bleating of lambs
As they scamper away o'er the dew-covered sheen.
Though I sit in the midst of the crowd and the rush,
In my fancy once more I am far, far away;
Far away to the home of my childhood so dear,
Where there's freedom and health, and 'tis there I would stay.

TWO ALTARS

On the altar of friendship's creation
Is a garland of roses quite rare;
That will shed of their fragrance delicious
A sweet perfume that's holy and rare.
Said I rare? Ah, yes, friend, for 'tis seldom
Do we seek for that sanction of bliss;
And our search for a something we know not
Leads away till life's treasures we miss.

On the altar of love lies a bundle—
'Tis of fagots, awaiting a fire,
And the match in the heart of each human
Is that simple thing oft called "desire."
But as heart calls to heart in the distance,
And the soul answers soul in reply,
Does desire break forth free from its fetters
And to love's sacred shrine does it fly.

Better play with the fire made of brimstone
Than to tamper with fire of the heart,
Tho' 'tis heaven at the moments of meeting,
Yet 'tis hell when fate says two must part.
Oh, 'twere better to sip not the nectar
Of warm lips that are ready and sweet
If the heart must then hold the life empty,
And a parting must follow the meet.

"To have loved and have lost," sings the poet,
Is much better than love not at all;
But the hearts that have tried know the bitter,
The misery and grief—know it all.
To play with the fire is your pleasure?
So you hope that such burns are not deep?
Let me warn, for the scars may long linger
And the drops may be gall that you'll weep.

On the altar of friendships creation
Is a garland of roses—not rue,
And its fragrance is yours if you linger,
Its beauty all yours if you're true.
Better think ere you start from that altar
To stray to the shrine of love's bliss,
That you may drain the goblet of grief, dear,
God grant that this draught you may miss.

CHEER UP

If a fellar's worn and weary and there isn't any chair,
What's the use to growl and grumble? That don't help
you anywhere.
Try forgettin' for a moment; think of something good
and sweet.
(I'm no doctor that's a-tellin', but that's good for aching
feet.)

If a fellar's all discouraged, and the pay is poor and slow,
What's the use of all your scolding? It don't help a bit,
you know.
Look around. Your friend has burdens more than you
have all the while.
Cheer him up a little, brother. Soon your frown will be
a smile.

If a fellar has a backbone he will fight the blues away,
For the fellar who sits moaning never wins in life's great
fray.
Cheer up, brother. Good time's comin'. Just beyond the
sky is blue.
Shut your eyes to clouds and sadness; then life's best will
come to you.

TO J. Mc.

As over the border of dreamland I drift—
 (I sail in a bark made for two);
Alone in the silence I sit, dear, and wait;
 I'm longing and watching for you.

My thoughts all go back to the days of the past;
 The love that was born then still lives.
I long for the presence and touch of your hand,
 The pleasure your greeting e'er gives.

The moonlight that pierces through treetops to me
 Would show you the traces of tears;
The lovelight that shone in my eyes long ago
 Has dimmed not nor died all these years.

No absence will lessen a love that is pure,
 Nor time kill a love that is true;
I wanted you then and I long for you now—
 My idol, ideal, just you.

In the gloaming of evening and silence of dreams
 You'll hear, love, my passionate cry.
I live not today—for tomorrow I hope—
 But I live in the days long gone by.

I ponder the strangeness of fate that decreed
 We meet and then sever, sweetheart;
And yet in the depths of my soul do I know
 It was best for us both that we part.

But the tears have been shed and the lessons been
 learned,
 Yet still through it all do I dream;
Still whisper the hope that was born auld lang syne;
 So long, ah, so long does it seem.

The night wind is sighing, yet dreams of my youth
Are not dying; I cannot help pray
That sometime when worthy I'll greet you, sweetheart,
And keep you forever and aye.

And e'en tho' it be in that realm far away
Where sorrow and parting are not,
I'll greet you, and clasp you, and keep you, sweetheart,
The prize a life longing has brought.

And so tho' the teardrops are falling tonight,
The hope in my heart plays a part;
And, dear, on the wings of the night wind I send
This message: I love you, sweetheart.

And as it shall waft o'er the miles, dear, to you,
O'er mountains and vales to your land,
In the gloaming tonight will your heart heed my call,
And, pausing to list, understand?

LONGING FOR A SIGHT OF YOU

The earth is stilled in slumber;
The sky is brightly blue;
My heart it aches with hunger
Just for a sight of you.

That love-born touch still lingers;
My heart is ever true;
E'en though we are asunder
My soul calls out for you.

I long to hear you whisper;
I long to clasp your hand;
Oh, can't you hear my calling,
And don't you understand?

WHAT PRAYER DO YOU MAKE?

One Sabbath day I heard a prayer
Made by a man who knew no care.
Within a sacred church he kneeled
And prayed for sorrows he'd have healed.
He asked that long might be his life,
And this same wish for her—his wife.
Through all his years, he prayed, for health;
And calmly, too, he begged for wealth,

And all the good that God could give
To him and those who with him live;
Then when at last he died, a crown
To deck his brow, so free from frown;
And then his rich and vast estate,
He asked, might bless his wife—his mate,
And save her from all care and woe
That common, wicked people know.

He could not think of more, so then
He calmly, wisely, said "Amen."
On that same Sabbath day so fair
Another man had made a prayer.
In church and on a bended knee?
Oh, no, my friends, not he—not he.
But in a hut, where, shivering, cold,
Lay one sick baby, eight months old.

Four other children near it stood;
The food was scarce, there was no wood
Save what this man had brought that morn;
The father, dead; the wife, forlorn.
While this man prayed there was no word,
But what he prayed for could be heard
Through his own deeds that Sabbath day,
And ere he left he brought a ray

Of sunshine to that home so poor:
"When this food's all, I'll send some more."
When from that home he went away
Was food enough for many a day.
Oh, do we pray one day a week
For pleasure, ease, then heaven seek?
Or are we earning heaven each day?
Your heart can answer. Aye? or Nay?

THE CALL

Out of the distance I'll call you
In the days when I can't touch your hand;
I know that your heart will give answer,
And I know that you'll then understand.

Then you will hark to my calling
And I know that your love will be true.
The thoughts in your heart grow more tender
When I call in the distance to you.

Miles may be many between us,
And yet there's no barrier between,
If your heart will but list to my calling;
And the joy of response I will glean.

Life shall be more worth the living,
And the skies seem unclouded and blue
When, lonely, I call in the distance;
When my heart, love, shall call unto you.

DRIFTDOM

Driftdom leads to heaven, or hell,
And this I know, I know full well;
The honeyed sweet of two warm lips
In close embrace a lover sips.

Driftdom leads to heaven, or hell.
Which path is mine? I cannot tell.
The human heart cries out when lone;
Soul leaps to soul when 'tis its own.

Driftdom leads to heaven, or hell.
Too oft law binds when 'tis not well;
But love is free, and love is king;
To love is law a paltry thing.

Driftdom leads to heaven, or hell.
When hearts are pure and true 'tis well
When crying heart can hear the call,
And just for love, give all, give all.

Driftdom leads to heaven, or hell.
When hearts are false, 'tis better dwell
A million miles apart. Ah, well!—
Shall fate give me a heaven, or hell?

TO MRS. MILLER

President W. R. C.

(In a Presentation Speech, Dec. 1, 1912.)

Since first we chose thee to be ours
Six years have passed away;
Six years of service and of love,
And now to thee we'd say:
Within our hearts there dwells one face
That nevermore can fade,
E'en though thy form some day will be
Beneath earth's verdure laid.

Yes, thou dear friend, hast done thy work
Of head, or heart, or hand,
As one who knows 'tis good to do
As well as give command.
To love, to serve, to give, is life—
The life each one should live.
Now for thy love and loyalty
This golden band we give.

It comes from every member here,
For each one gave her mite
To please thee on this Yuletide day
And make thy New Year bright.
For thee may health and joy unite;
To thee may heaven send
Its sweetest gifts. This is our wish
For thee, our faithful friend.

ARISE FROM YOUR MUSING

You speak of the past and its memories give

 You many a pleasure and pain;

You spend many hours in singing old songs;

 You love best the oldest refrain.

Those letters you read you have read oft before;

 They're worn, yellow-stained with the years;

To you they are dearer than all else beside,

 Yet reading them brings bitter tears.

The present is lost in the visions of old,

 Alas, we are victims of chance.

The past is all gone, so let's bury it deep.

 Steer off from the old sad romance.

"Too brief was the dream," you exclaim with a sigh;

 You look at the dead, withered spray;

The roses you wore on that bright Sabbath morn.

 Alas, fleeting joys cannot stay.

Don't watch where the wraiths of the memories are;

 The future has hopes also sweet.

Awake to the present, and the joys that must come,

 Thus making your vision complete.

Arise from your musing. Greet fearless the dawn

 Of days that much pleasure will bring.

Tomorrows will grant what the past has denied.

 With thankfulness let your heart sing.

TO W.

I dream of you all through the night, dear;
I waken and dream the day through;
There's only one face in my heart, dear,
It always is you, dear, just you:
I long for your love when I'm lonely;
I want you as much when I'm glad.
My heart cannot still its wild worship;
It calls—but in vain; so I'm sad.

I'm awed at this great love within me,
So great and so mighty its strength.
It weakens, surprises and thrills me;
I fought it but yielded at length.
My hand longs to feel that dear pressure
Of yours, love, that daily I miss;
My lips have grown cold and are trembling
Because you're not here with a kiss.

And so, dear, I want you each hour
To help me to be what you would;
It seems with your presence e'er near me,
Your love all my own, that I could.
For, oh, I'm so lonely, my darling;
I want you, my love, every day.
God grant that sometime you may come, dear,
And never, no, never go 'way.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

When my dreams come true—
Ah, I have dared to dream of love and health,
And peace and joy, yes, treasures, wealth;
But all around I see great sorrow, pain,
And, seeing this, I dare not dream again.

Shall dreams come true?
Then let me, wiser grown, dream dreams again.
Let me go forth and share the world's great pain,
Where hearts are breaking with their bitter strife—
A gleaner in the harvest field of life.

When dreams come true—
Oh, let me dream that I may bravely bear
Of good deeds done, of golden grain my share.
Of peace I now dream not while others weep;
While brothers starve no paltry gold I'd keep.

Oh, let me dream again,
For when my dreams are not for selfish me
But for the good that I can do and be,
I know that life will never more be drear,
And if my dreams come true I need not fear.

Aye, let me dream again,—
Yes, dream that I, through rhymes I write
Bring peace and joy to hearts forlorn,
That this my mission now may be:
To bring new hope to those who mourn.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN

I was taught there's a heaven in a realm far away—
In a place just beyond what's called "death,"
Where the spirits of those who have always lived right
May find entrance at ceasing of breath.

But I know—and my soul could not tell me the false—
Oh, I know there's a heaven long before;
For I've entered and tasted and sipped of its sweet,
And I long for that heaven once more.

Did I dream? Then, oh, God, let me dream once again;
Let me feel the sweet touch of that hand
That so thrilled me, and filled all my soul with the joy
That e'en yet I can scarce understand.

Once again I would sip the sweet nectar from lips
That were tender and loving and true;
And again would I gaze in the depths of those eyes
Where I first saw love's light midst the blue.

Did I dream? Then, oh, God, let me dream once again,
And, if waking must take all away,
Let me dream once again and then die ere I wake;
For in death would the dream always stay.

But my soul tells not false and it whispers me soft
That my heaven is not far away,
That some day I will drink from my goblet, joy-filled,
Have my share of love's heaven, some day.

SEASIDE REVERIES

The sun has kissed the treetops in the west;
The robins with their babes have gone to rest;
The moon its nightly trip has just begun;
The weary world from all its labors has been won.

In swaying branches of the towering trees
The owl sits silent in the evening breeze
As if to listen to the ocean's roar
As it comes near and far upon the shore.

Alone I sit beside the surging sea;
Alone to think what's been, what is to be.
Life with a lavish hand has given more
Of hopes unrealized, than from its store

Of joys complete. Or it may be that I
Demand too much of fate, and grow awry
When all that I would do remains a dream,
And all my well meant efforts futile seem.

I wonder if the goal that great men won
Seemed far—so far away e'er work was done,
If all their toil was seen through trickling tears,
If all their paths were lined with frightful fears.

The wise owl hoots. It says: "Oh, no! Oh, no!"
I list again. It says: "Not so! Not so!"
The waves dash 'gainst my feet and then away
As if to say: "We've done this work day after day."

The murmuring pines and hemlocks whisper low:
"We're stately, tall; it took us years to grow."
I list, and think—I came to think alone;
And for my coming I have wiser grown.

TO EMMA

'Neath the roses lies the body of my Emma,
And the sun and moon and stars are far above;
But the spirit of our darling lingers near us,
Near the ones whom, living, she did ever love.

In the dusk of drowsy day when owls are hooting,
And the weary world from all its labors is at rest,
Then I feel a spirit breath upon my forehead
And an angel voice say softly: "It was best."

When I put my hand out in the empty silence
Something strange comes in it that I cannot grasp;
But I know—I know it is my darling Emma
And that it is her spirit hand I softly clasp.

Yes, I know it leads me oft when trials are heavy,
When without I'd sink beneath my load of woe.
Dead, you say? Oh, no, our daughter, sister, liveth;
Yes, she ever lingers near us. This I know.

THE HEART'S FREEDOM

Ships passing in the night turn not
From out their preplanned way;
The heartless things seek golden greed—
For else they cannot stray.
Hearts passing in the night may change
From out the law-laid path;
For hearts can know, and, knowing, claim
Love's own sweet aftermath.
Oh, glittering gold that binds with chains,
Oh, cruel laws of fate,
What grief you bring to human hearts
When love does come too late.

WINTER'S DUAL MESSAGE

When with ice the trees are bending,
And the sun is shining, too,
And the white flakes hide my vision
As I look from here to you,
When the children play with snowballs
And are coasting with their sleds,
Then is when we fear to venture
Out for fear of broken heads.

When with snow the trees are bending
All a-glimmer, all so bright,
And the window panes a-shimmer
With the scenes for child's delight,
When the horses' breaths are steaming,
And the wagon wheels creak loud,
And our heads crack on the pavement,
Then we surely dread a crowd.

When the air is keen and chilly
And the nose gets blue with cold,
Then our cheeks are red as roses
As our wraps we round us fold.
When the school bells ring so clearly,
Calling children out each day,
Oh, they dread to leave their slumber,
In warm beds they'd rather stay.

But the winter's soon in passing,
For the days go quickly by,
And the elder man and matron
See them pass and breathe a sigh.
To the youth the years are lengthy;
To old age they are so short,
And to them each one brings sorrow,
For each one with friends must part.

So the winter's dual message
Brings some sorrow and some joy;
All depends on who's the watcher—
Aged man, or youthful boy.

And the lesson winter teaches
Is that all that dies will live
In some form again, and sometime.
Let the lesson comfort give.

SHARE THE JOYOUS

If you know a song that's joyful
Sing it, sing it loud and clear.
Let's omit the songs that sadden;
Sing instead the ones to gladden;
For the world is dark and drear.
Do you know a thought that's pleasant?
Tell it; kept it does no good.
Share it. Share with those who sorrow;
They will bless you on the morrow;
Tell all pleasant thoughts. You should.

Do you know a joke that's witty?
Tell it, let us laugh a while;
For the world is crushed with sorrow
And we need brave souls to borrow
Mirth to scatter, so we'll smile.
Can't you give a hearty handgrasp?
Hearts are lonely 'long life's way.
Let's forget all that annoys us.
Seek and share all that is joyous.
Cheer your comrades, friends, I pray.

AMBITION

Ambition has led to great glory,
 To honor and wisdom and wealth;
It's taught men to live who were dying;
 The sick it has brought back to health.
Ambition has sent men down hellward;
 Has soiled more than one honest name;
It's made from a pure life a sad one;
 It's led to the depths of great shame.

Ambition sings sweet songs for lasses
 And laddies in springtime—in youth;
It leads to paths onward and upward,
 To honor and virtue and truth.
When rightly it's used 'tis an angel
 To guide us to love's sweet desire;
When wrongly it's used 'tis a demon
 To drag us deep down to hell's mire.

Oh, great is the man whose ambition
 Will keep him from doing the wrong;
Who seeks much in life, but seeks wisely
 And well, as he goes through life's throng.
Oh, woe to the man who seeks glory
 By jealousy, envy and greed;
Who grasps all he can, though in grasping
 He takes of some other man's need.

Oh, shame on the woman who's holding
 A place in the world that's not true;
Who got there through greed and through cunning,
 And crushing of friends that she knew.
Ambition will lead to great glory;
 It also can lead to disgrace.
Oh, seek not an honor unworthy
 If you would in life hold your place.

For what though you owned a great kingdom
And knew that the crown was not won;
'Twould secretly crush you and grieve you
Ere life, with its duties, was done.
Then aim for the heights of great heroes;
But, aiming, be worthy and true.
The glory that comes of well-doing
Will come, aye, in tenfold to you.

FOR FRANK

On this—thy natal day—I send
My little tribute. Don't refuse
To listen for a moment, friend,
To this poor moralizing muse.
They tell me thirty years have passed
Since first thou breathed the light of day,
And, judging from thy gladsome face,
'Twere only joy that came thy way.
And if 'twere best, I'd wish that good
Alone might come in future years;
And yet we know that life is best
When joy is met by touch of tears.
And so I wish that what is best
May come to thee—to thee and thine;
For that sweet face to thee so dear
Is also cherished, friend of mine;
And e're another year rolls 'round
Together thou wilt tread life's way.
Oh, may each year bring strength to both,
And each need each through life away.

MY PALACE

You speak of my home with its grandeur so bright;
But I tell you I have not a home.
My heart is e'er crying in vain for true love,
And my thoughts o'er this world ever roam.

A house have I furnished with much that is rare,
And I've searched far and wide for it all;
But never a home, dear, can it truly be
When my heart for true love vain must call.

I'd rather a hovel, though bleak it may be,
And barren of all that is bright,
Than sit in this palace of beauty and gold;
Yes, to sit here alone day and night.

Any fool with the gold could have houses like this;
But a home is not made up of wealth,
But two loving hearts who live each one for each
And have honesty, faithfulness, health.

Aye, that were a home that's worth having, you see,
With which this can be poorly compared;
For poverty never is burden too great
When by two loving hearts it is shared.

Aye, this is a palace. I'm longing for love;
And denied that one thing I am poor;
All slowly the hours drag along for me here,
And alone I'll be glad when life's o'er.

Tho' my palace for me cannot be called a home,
I would make it a haven for all,
Where others could come and find comfort and peace,
And feel not in vain was their call.

MY ANGEL EVALINE

In the cold, still earth thou'rt sleeping,
For death's icy hand was reaping
Blossoms that my heart was keeping;
And he took my Evaline.

So today perhaps I'm wronging
Fate, by my wild weeping, longing;
In my heart sweet memories thronging
E'er of thee, my Evaline.

All these years, my love, I crowned thee
My one queen; now I'll surround thee
With the roses as I found thee
That first morn, sweet Evaline.

Now my life is lone and cheerless,
Though sometimes I seem so tearless,
For I'm longing for my peerless—
For my darling Evaline.

But thou'rt sleeping 'midst the flowers,
'Midst the roses blushing bowers.
Oh, so drear the long, long hours,
Lone and drear, my Evaline.

When o'er brink of death I'm bending,
And at last my toil is ending,
And my soul with thine is blending,
Thou wilt meet me, Evaline.

And though now we twain must sever,
And on earth I'll miss thee ever,
When death frees me then we'll never
Part again, my Evaline.

THE DEAD YEAR

The solemn midnight bell has rung
The knell of this departing year.
Alas! It's days have swiftly passed
With all their joys and oft a tear.

The summer's gone and winter's come,
And, with its cold and chilly breath,
It sings a requiem sad and drear;
For winter brings the old year's death.

The wailing of the sad winds sings
A ghost-like chant so wild—
A gasp—a moaning cry—as if
A mother sobbing for her child.

The bell has rung. The year has gone.
So soon it came, so quickly went,
My hopes for much were scarcely born,
My prayers for them were scarcely sent,

Ere Father Time, with arrow keen,
And cunning hand, restrung his bow
And shot—I held my breath
For he had laid the old year low.

Alas! I hoped for much to be;
Alas! I dreamed so much to do;
(For life seemed long, and I am young);
They still are dreams, all save a few.

But much may be the coming year,
Great heroes rise and cowards fall,
And all my dreams materialize
Ere once again the bell will toll.

The echoes of this midnight bell
Bring back a solemn, sweet reply
Of hope: "In what you just have failed
You'll win this year if you will try."

Then grieve not now o'er errors gone,
But work and hope without one fear,
And waste no time. Life's bells ring oft
The passing of each coming year.

TO MISS DOROTHY P.

One day when life was dreary
And skies were void of blue
And sorrow almost crushed me
Then fate, dear, brought me you.
You helped me bear my burdens;
You wiped away the tears
That, till then, dimmed my vision;
You laughed away my fears.
I knew before your coming
That tears ne'er cured a grief;
That fears ne'er gave one courage
Nor, for a pain, relief.
But burdens were so many
And friends there were so few
To share my awful sorrow;
But fate, dear, brought me you.
And so this grief-filled Christ-tide,
When skies are void of blue
I'm thankful for your presence;
Yes, thankful, dear, for you.

TO MRS. BLAKELY

Into each life must some bitterness fall,
And hearts must be saddened and drear;
But no burden is laid on a back that's too weak
To bear all its load while it's here.

Could this sleeping form speak the words of our tongue,
I know, oh, I know that he'd say:
"Oh, loved ones, why shed all these fast-falling tears?
I've not left you, I've not gone away.

My body may lie here all peaceful and still,
But I, the real I, have not gone;
My spirit will be with you all of the way;
You'll not tread life's journey alone.

Perchance you'll not see me as in days of yore,
And if you know not—you'll not hear—
But ever I'll linger and watch by your side;
Why should I leave those I loved dear?

In long, weary hours when you seem all alone,
Be passive and listen, dear one;
My spirit will breathe on your brow a caress,
And you'll know I'm still there and not gone.

So grieve then no longer, my dear loving ones;
My worn, weary form is at rest;
The Love God that rules knew my mission was done,
And called me. So know it is best.

'Neath roses, and lilies, and sweet blooms I lie;
The tokens that kindness e'er gives;
But Hattie, my darling, and children, just say:
"In spirit, and near us, he lives."

DREAMING

The pigeons coo and woo up in the eavetroughs;
The apple blooms are blushing near my door;
The sun-kissed valley is bedecked with violets;
And Towser snores here on the old porch floor.
All through this drowsy day I've sat here dreaming,
And building fairy castles in the air,
When you and I shall bide a wee together,
And you and I all cares and pleasures share.

When fall winds blow and grapevines bend with purple,
When orchards drop their fruitful burden down,
When bins are filled with gold and grains are garnered,
And wildwoods take their tints of red and brown,
'Tis then, oh, Love, I'll sit here happy, watching
To see you coming up the garden path;
For lone I've been and longing for you, sweetheart,
And soon will come our true love's aftermath.

I hear the songs of wildbirds in the woodland;
I smell the fragrance of the roses near;
But music lost its sweetness when you left me;
E'en roses tempt me not when you're not here.
To other lands, my love, you went a-gleeing;
'Twas best, we knew, that for awhile you go;
But when you went you took my love e'er with you,
For, oh, my darling, I have missed you so.

And oft when star-decked nights have drifted downward,
My cheeks were wet with bitter, briny tears;
Lest fate might take you, dear, and keep you from me;
For ofttimes I could quell not foolish fears.
And so this long and cold and cheerless winter
Has passed and spring most grown to summertime.
I gladly count each day as each has ended;
I care not much for either prose or rhyme.

The memory of the books we read together
Is dearer than my reading done alone;
Perchance I'm prone to spend the hours in dreaming
When you'll return, my own, true love, my own.
And so I'm waiting, dear, and lonely dreaming;
I'm sitting near the iris blossoms blue;
My eyes are hungry for the sight of you, dear,
My heart is ever calling, calling you.

OH, LOVE!

Oh, love, there is not any word you speak
That is not good. Every thought you give
Cheers those you meet, or daily round you live.
The dainty blush that creeps upon your cheek

Is not less sweet for having left the rose,
That, in your garden, stands so sweet in bloom
And lending fragrance where, without, were gloom.
The blush is sweeter for the place it grows.

Your very footsteps have a sound that seems
Like that of angels near. So light and soft
Each step that, when I'm reading here, I oft
Just listen; and I hope, and dream strange dreams.

But when you touch me with that soft white hand,
My heart beats loud. I dare not stir to kiss
That dainty hand, lest I awake to miss
Your tender touch—and find alone I stand.

PEACE

Sing, musician, sing. Let all the harmony of hope
Resound through all the world wide war-mad earth,
And sing lest minor chords creep in the ears and chill
the heart.

Oh sing of peace again and love. To hope give an-
themed birth.

Paint, Oh artist. Let thy hand find cunning skill so true
That all the tints may blend in beauty, reaching every
eye,

And charm and hold entranced the gaze that tears may
fall no more,

And Beauty-thoughts crush out race hatred. Aye, all
hate deny.

Write, Oh poet, write. This is no time for idle pen

When mothers sit by confined sons, and babes weep
absent sires,

When fields reek red with human blood, and dead in
trenches stare.

Oh sing! Oh paint! Oh write! Each true heart peace
desires.

OUR CLARE

Love brought him here and gave him us;

Love took the body 'way;

But think you he has gone from us,

From us who love him? Nay.

He sits within our group today

More near than e'er before;

Did we not know and feel the truth,

We'd think his life was o'er;

But he has simply left the shell
That bound him with its clay;
The he, our Clare, still lives with us,
And sits with us today.

The form we saw we give to earth;
Its earth-bound work was done,
And it shall rest 'neath midnight stars,
And 'neath the day-time sun.

But when we wend our homeward way
Our boy, our Clare, shall be
With us. Though in his spirit form we may
Not touch him, may not see,

But day by day we'll feel he's here;
He'll share our every care;
We'll sense his presence, feel his love,
Our Clare, our darling Clare.

MY MISSION

Fate bade me watch beside those dear.
My duty was to wait. Could I
Be true to my great destiny
Were I to choose the easy task
Of pleasing self? Nay, rather I
Must bide my time, be true to all—
The small tasks first; and then the great.
Fate bade me bear my cross. And I
Refused to lay the burden down.
None else should share its weight of love.
When comes the destiny that's mine
I shall be glad I have not failed.
In this, my trial supreme. And I
With my reward shall be content.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

'Tis those who evil feel must seek redress,
And why we fight for "rights" you well can guess.
We have the power to think, and hearts to feel
When we are held in bondage. Why conceal
The truth that we are slaves? The negro freed
Has rights today that we have not, but need;
For if we work, and gain, and save,
Our laws demand our tax. We see the foolish flaws
In this. Because we're what we are, you men
Deny us much that's right, altho' 'tis when
Your egotistic selfish natures reign,
And not the secret verdict of your brain.
You claim that we are artful, we are weak,
And needed in the home. But do you seek
To test our voting wisdom by your side?
How know you we are weak? Ere you deride,
Throw wide your booths and test our wisdom, skill,
In voting laws, and choosing men to fill
The nation's needs. Then you, I'm sure, will see
We're equal to each task that's ours, and free
To vote for all we know is good and true
And, being free, we'll give our best to you.
But till you grant us freedom we will fret
And fight the binding cords until we get
All freedom. For our homes, our native land
Show urgent need of woman's voting hand.
Then why not grant us equal rights with you?
Together let us mould the world anew,
For did we vote with you saloons would go,
And fewer red light districts we would know,
And homes be better for our voting hand.
Oh, don't you see, and can't you understand?

HON. MATHIAS BROWN

Mathias Brown was, as a lad,
A nuisance to the folks in town;
With frizzled hair and eyes of brown,
And fishing for his fad.
With pole and line he'd sit all day;
And when compelled to go to school
Would disobey, break every rule;
For fun he sure would find some way.

His neighbors said: "Oh, he is bad;
He don't know nothin' else but lie;
His father works while he sits by;
A lazy, good-for-nothin' lad."
Mathias Brown just smiled; said he:
"Now, what's the use to plow and spade,
And work so hard when brains were made;
I'll fool you yet; now, you just see."

At last young Brown was sent away
To visit friends out in the west.
Ere long he wrote. "I think it best
To live out here, and so I'll stay."
There, as a lawyer's office boy
He earned his daily board and bed;
Then great ambitions filled his head;
He said: "I'll be no lawyer's toy."

He set to work to win great power;
Gained friends, was later sent to be
Their man in Congress; soon was he
The man triumphant of the hour.
When neighbor Jones, who scorned him so,
Received his card and to his name
Was "Hon." "Is this the same
Mathias Brown I used to know?"

What trick is this he's playing now
To have a printed card like this
To say he's honest? Why, I miss
The joke he's tryin' to play, I vow."
But when young Brown walked in that day
To Jones' home and told the news,
"To hoe and spade I did not choose."
"Well, well," was all old Jones could say.

LIFE CANNOT DIE

Yes, we have laid him 'neath the roses' fragrant beauty;
The red and white and blue stood at his head;
We dropped our tokens on the blossom-burdened casket
And came away. We knew he was not dead.

That which we left had done life's duty bravely, nobly,
And now it rested. Earth and earth had met;
But he was part of Life, and Life is living;
Life cannot die, so why should eyes be wet.

We loved the earth-form that contained our darling;
We gave it all that love and care could give;
And then we left the body in death's sacred rest-yard,
We know that he, a part of Life, doth live.

I LOVE YOU SO, SWEETHEART

Oh, Love, my heart is bleeding with its loneliness and
 woe;

I thought you'd tarry longer, dear. Oh, could you only
 know

How strong the ties that bound! Could you no longer
 bide a wee

If at the end we meet for aye and fate gave you to me?

Your heart held but one bitter thought: I came not at
 your call,

If to my trust I must be true, I would not come at all.

That you were faithful long, I knew; and patient, and so
 true;

I could not feel a fairer face would place me e'er from
 you.

But now 'tis twain, and not one bond that holds us far
 apart,

Altho' in secret you are mine, and I am yours, sweetheart.

The bitter tears are falling, Love. I hunger for you so.

How much, how much, I want you, dear, I hope you'll
 never know.

The midnight winds are sighing so. The raindrops look
 like tears.

Oh, must I linger long away from you all through the
 years?

The past that bound us twain so close will never be
 forgot.

In memory's hall your image, dear, e'er holds the
 brightest spot.

I know, my Love, you'll ne'er forget the dear old days
long passed.

Oh, could it be our friendship was too dear, too dear to
last?

I held you ever far apart from all the friends around;
I felt you knew, tho' not in deeds I told, or uttered sound,

But more, perchance, in silence oft when hand was
touching hand;

We had no needs of words, sweetheart, we both would
understand.

And, oh, tonight my heart aches so to think you did not
bide

A little longer lone, sweetheart, for soon will turn the
tide.

And I'll come floating out for you and see you far away.
My grief can be no greater, dear, than it has been today.
And yet so great my love for you (unselfish I would be).
If in this bond you're happy, dear, I would not have you
free.

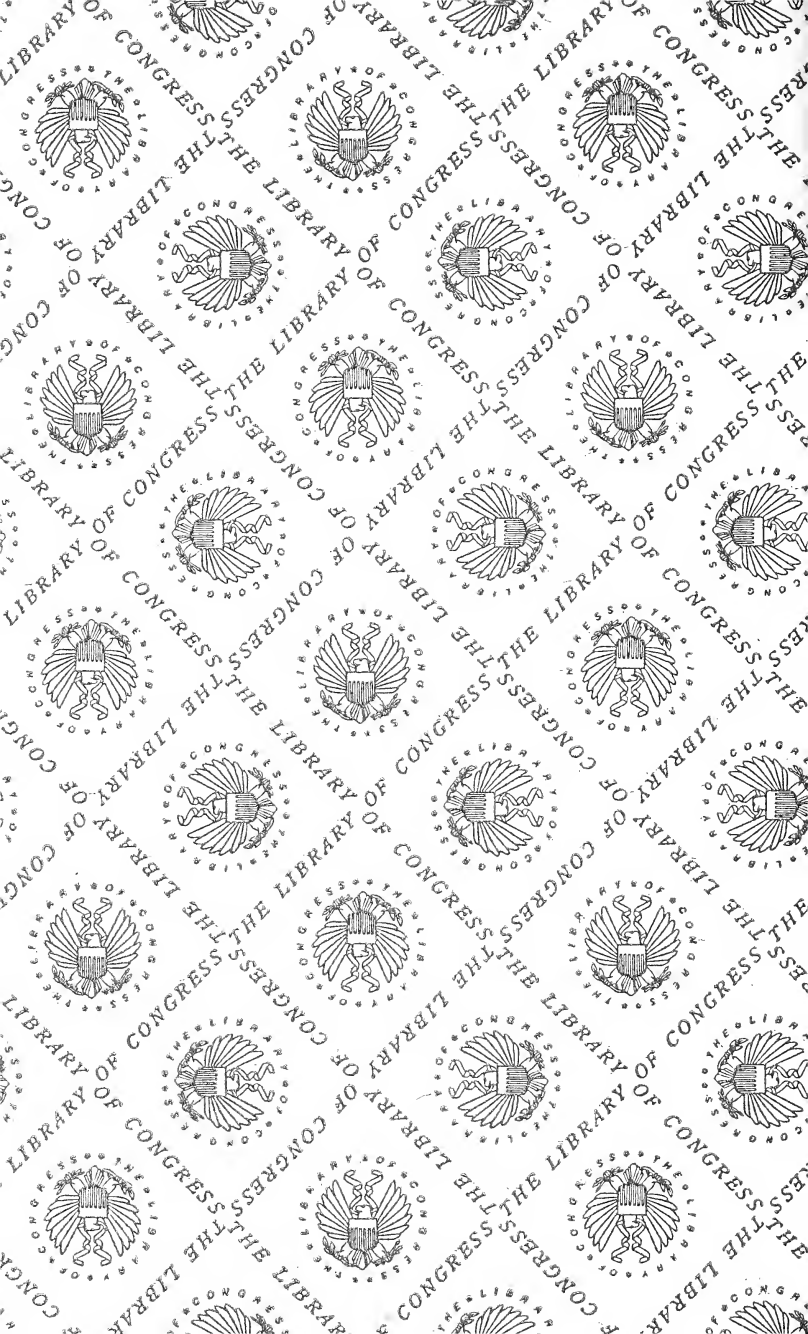
And if in coming years you need my presence and will call
I'll leave all else and haste to you. I love you best of all.
But, oh, my darling, years are long if we must live apart;
For I have loved you truly, dear. I love you so, sweet-
heart.

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